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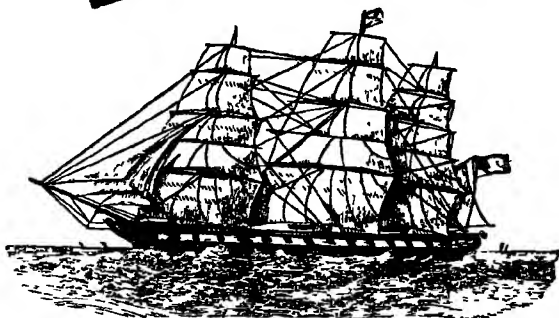
THE BEST KNOWN WORKS OF
W. S. GILBERT

STANDARD THEATRE.

FIRST PRODUCTION IN THIS CITY

Of an Entirely New and Original Nautical Comic Opera,

H. M. S.



PINAFORE

COMPOSED BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

WRITTEN BY W. S. GILBERT.

*ORIGINALLY PRODUCED AT THE "OPERA COMIQUE," LONDON, LAST MAY, AND
WHERE IT IS NOW ENJOYING A MOST PROSPEROUS RUN, HAVING
ALREADY BEEN PLAYED NEARLY*

Three Hundred Consecutive Nights.

A. S. SHER, Theatrical Printer, 26 Union Square, New York.

AN EARLY GILBERT & SULLIVAN PROGRAM

(Courtesy of the Theatre Collection, New York Public Library)

W. S. GILBERT

BOOK AND LYRICS OF THE BEST-KNOWN

GILBERT & SULLIVAN
OPERAS

AND

THE BAB BALLADS

WITH SIR WILLIAM GILBERT'S
OWN ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE BEST KNOWN WORKS OF
W. S. GILBERT

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

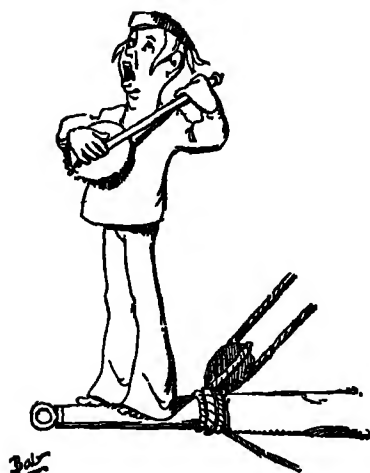
The most popular of the light operas resulting from the collaboration of William Schwenk Gilbert and Arthur Seymour Sullivan are the three in this book, to-wit: *The Mikado*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and *The Pirates of Penzance*. It is to one of these three, produced by school and college musical organizations, that most Americans owe an acquaintance with the joyous nonsense of the Savoyards.

The wide public acquaintance with the Gilbert opera *libretti* is not matched by any similar knowledge of the *Bab Ballads*, which had made their author and illustrator famous before he met Sullivan. During the 1860's Gilbert, then a young barrister, contributed a series of verses to *Fun*, an English comic magazine, illustrated by himself over the signature BAB. The best of these are included in this book with the three operas mentioned.

For certain of the songs and arias of the operas, Gilbert later prepared illustrations in the spirit of the *Bab Ballads*. Thus we are able to publish both operas and ballads with illustrations by the author.

The Illustrated Editions Co., Inc., acknowledges with pleasure the generous help of Mr. Sylvan Baruch in the final selection of illustrations and text for this volume.

H. M. S. Pinatore
OR
THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B. (*First Lord of the Admiralty*).

CAPTAIN CORCORAN (*Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore*).

TOM TUCKER (*Midshipmite*).

FALPH RACKSTRAW (*Able Seaman*).

DICK DEADLYE (*Able Seaman*).

HILL BOBSTAY (*Boatswain's Mate*).

BOB BECKET (*Carpenter's Mate*).

JOSEPHINE (*the Captain's Daughter*).

HIEBE (*Sir Joseph's First Cousin*).

MRS. CRIPPS (LITTLE BUTTERCUP) (*a Portsmouth Bumboat Woman*).

First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines, etc.

SCENE.—Quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Pinafore*, off Portsmouth.

ACT I.—Noon.

ACT II.—Night.

First produced at the Opéra Comique on May 25, 1878.

H. M. S. Pinafore
OR
THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR



ACT ONE

SCENE.—*Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore. Sailors, led by BOATSWAIN, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, etc.*

CHORUS

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free
O'er the bright blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride
On the Portsmouth tide,
We have plenty of time to play.

Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP, *with large basket on her arm.*

RECITATIVE

Hail, men-o'-war's men—safeguards of your nation,
Here is an end, at last, of all privation;
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

W. S. GILBERT



ARIA

For I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why,
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup II

I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky,
I've scissors, and watches, and knives;
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee,
Soft tommy and succulent chops;
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies,
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup;
Sailors should never be shy;
So, buy of your Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup;
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

BOAT. Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for you're the rosiest,
the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

BUT. Red, am I? and round—and rosy! May be, for I have dis-
sembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend—hast ever thought that

H. M. S. PINAFORE

beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

BOAT. No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

Enter DICK DEADEYE. *He pushes through sailors, and comes down.*

DICK. I have thought it often. (*All recoil from him.*)

BUT. Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

BOAT. Don't take no heed of *him*; that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK. I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it—Dick Deadeye?

BUT. It's not a nice name.

DICK. I'm ugly too, ain't I?

BUT. You are certainly plain.

DICK. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

BUT. You are rather triangular.

DICK. Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

ALL. We do!

DICK. There!

BOAT. Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow-creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now can you?

DICK. No.

BOAT. It's asking too much, ain't it?

DICK. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature—I am resigned.

RECITATIVE

BUT. (*looking down hatchway*).

But, tell me—who's the youth whose faltering feet
With difficulty bear him on his course?

BOAT. That is the smartest lad in all the fleet—
Ralph Rackstraw!

BUT. Ha! That name! Remorse! remorse!

Enter RALPH *from hatchway.*

W. S. GILBERT

MADRIGAL—RALPH

The Nightingale
Sighed for the moon's bright ray,
And told his tale
In his own melodious way!
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

ALL.

The lowly vale
For the mountain vainly sighed,
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.
They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"
They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

ALL.

RECITATIVE

I know the value of a kindly chorus,
But choruses yield little consolation
When we have pain and sorrow too before us!
I love—and love, alas, above my station!

BUT. (*aside*). He loves—and loves a lass above his station!

ALL (*aside*). Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station!

[*Exit* LITTLE BUTTERCUP]

BALLAD—RALPH

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,
A bud of blushing beauty;
For whom proud nobles sigh,
And with each other vie
To do her menial's duty.
To do her menial's duty.

ALL.

A suitor, lowly born,
With hopeless passion torn,
And poor beyond denying,
Has dared for her to pine
At whose exalted shrine

H. M. S. PINAFORE

ALL. A world of wealth is sighing.
 A world of wealth is sighing.

 Unlearned he in aught
 Save that which love has taught
 (For love had been his tutor);
 Oh, pity, pity me—
 Our captain's daughter she,
 And I that lowly suitor!
ALL. And he that lowly suitor!

BOAT. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high: our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

ALL. No, no!

DICK. No, no, captains' daughters don't marry foremast hands.

ALL. (*recoiling from him*). Shame! shame!

BOAT. Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur'.

RALPH. But it's a strange anomaly, that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarter-deck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main-truck or his slacks on the main-deck.

DICK. Ah, it's a queer world!

RALPH. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder.

BOAT. My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck; let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

Enter CAPTAIN CORCORAN.

RECITATIVE

CAPT. My gallant crew, good morning.

ALL (*saluting*). Sir, good morning!

CAPT. I hope you're all quite well.

ALL (*as before*). Quite well; and you, sir?

W. S. GILBERT

CAPT. I am in reasonable health, and happy

To meet you all once more.

ALL (*as before*). You do us proud, sir!



SONG—CAPT.

CAPT. I am the Captain of the *Pinafore*;

ALL. And a right good captain, too!

CAPT. You're very, very good,

And be it understood,

I command a right good crew,

ALL. We're very, very good,

And be it understood,

He commands a right good crew.

CAPT. Though related to a peer,

I can hand, reef, and steer,

And ship a selvagee;

I am never known to quail

At the fury of a gale,

And I'm never, never sick at sea!

ALL. What, never?

CAPT. No, never!

ALL. What, *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever!

ALL. He's hardly ever sick at sea!

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,

For the hardy Captain of the *Pinafore*!

H. M. S. PINAFORE

CAPT. I do my best to satisfy you all—
ALL. And with you we're quite content.
CAPT. You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment.
ALL. We're exceedingly polite,
And he thinks it's only right
To return the compliment.
CAPT. Bad language or abuse,
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "Bother it" I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D—
ALL. What, never?
CAPT. No, never!
ALL. What, *never*?
CAPT. Hardly ever!
ALL. Hardly ever swears a big, big D—
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the well-bred Captain of the *Pinafore*!
[*After song exeunt all but CAPTAIN.*]

Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

RECITATIVE

BUT. Sir, you are sad! The silent eloquence
Of yonder tear that trembles on your eyelash
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common;
Confide in me—fear not—I am a mother!

CAPT. Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry—
My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flower
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,
Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some reason
She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

BUT. (*with emotion*). Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well
The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly!

W. S. GILBERT

But see, here comes your most attractive daughter.
I go—Farewell!

[Exit.

CAPT. (*looking after her*). A plump and pleasing person!

[Exit.

Enter JOSEPHINE, *twining some flowers which she carries in a small basket.*

BALLAD—JOSEPHINE

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!



Sad is the hour when sets the sun—
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,
When to the ark the wearied one
Flies from the empty waste of waters!
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

JOS. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I can esteem—reverence—venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

CAPT. (*aside*). It is then as I feared. (*Aloud*.) Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

JOS. No, father—the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!

CAPT. Impossible!

JOS. Yes, it is true—too true.

CAPT. A common sailor? Oh fie!

JOS. I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him! (*Weeps*.)

CAPT. Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter—I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would cominit solecisms that society would never pardon.

JOS. Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father, I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

CAPT. You *are* my daughter after all. But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of sisters, cousins, and aunts that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter, to your cabin—take this, his photograph, with you—it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

JOS. My own thoughtful father!

[*Exit* JOSEPHINE. CAPTAIN *remains and ascends the poop-deck*.]

BARCAROLLE (*invisible*)

Over the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.,
Wherever he may go
Bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go!

W. S. GILBERT

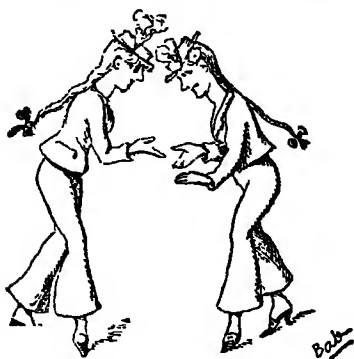
Shout o'er the bright blue sea
For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

(During this the Crew have entered on tiptoe, listening attentively to the song.)

CHORUS OF SAILORS

Sir Joseph's barge is seen,
And its crowd of blushing beauties,
We hope he'll find us clean,
And attentive to our duties.
We sail, we sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty.
We're sober, sober men and true
And attentive to our duty.
We're smart and sober men,
And quite devoid of fe-ar,
In all the Royal N.
None are so smart as we are.

Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES.



They dance round stage

REL.

Gaily tripping,
Lightly skipping,
Flock the maidens to the shipping.
SAILORS. Flags and guns and pennants dipping!
All the ladies love the shipping.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

REL. Sailors sprightly
Always rightly
Welcome ladies so politely.
SAILORS. Ladies who can smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome most politely.
CAPT. (*from poop*). Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way.
ALL. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurray!

Enter SIR JOSEPH *with* COUSIN HEBE.

SONG—SIR JOSEPH

I am the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's Navee,
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.
COUSIN HEBE. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
REL. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
SIR JOSEPH. When at anchor here I ride,
My bosom swells with pride,
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts;
COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
SIR JOSEPH. But when the breezes blow,
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!
COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!

SONG—SIR JOSEPH

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up that handle so carefuller
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—He polished, etc.

W. S. GILBERT

As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand—
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—He copied, etc.



In serving writs I made such a name
That an attitled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute.
And that pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—And that pass examination, etc.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership.
And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—But that kind, etc.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—He thought so little, etc.

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree.
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—Stick close, etc.

SIR JOSEPH. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH (*examining a very small midshipman*). A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. No bullying, I trust—no strong language of any kind, eh?

CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. What, *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

SIR JOSEPH. Don't patronise them, sir—pray, don't patronise them.

CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. That you are their captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronised because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

W. S. GILBERT

CAPT. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.

(DICK *comes forward*.)

SIR JOSEPH. No, no, the other splendid seaman.

CAPT. Ralph Rackstraw, three paces to the front—march!

SIR JOSEPH (*sternly*). If what?

CAPT. I beg your pardon—I don't think I understand you.

SIR JOSEPH. If you *please*.

CAPT. Oh, yes, of course. If you please. (RALPH *steps forward*.)

SIR JOSEPH. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

RALPH. Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.

RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the Navy, your honour, though I say it who shouldn't.

SIR JOSEPH. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

RALPH. No, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. That's a pity: all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now tell me—don't be afraid—how does your captain treat you, eh?

RALPH. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honour.

ALL. Aye! Aye!

SIR JOSEPH. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer: I daresay he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?

RALPH. I can hum a little, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. Then hum this at your leisure. (*Giving him MS. music*.) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPT. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. (*Crossing*.) Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

BOAT. Beg pardon. If what, your honour?

CAPT. If what? I don't think I understand you.

BOAT. If you *please*, your honour.

CAPT. What!

SIR JOSEPH. The gentleman is quite right. If you *please*.

CAPT. (*stamping his foot impatiently*). If you *please*!

[*Exit.*

SIR JOSEPH. For I hold that on the seas

The expression, "if you please",

A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

[*Exeunt* SIR JOSEPH *and* RELATIVES.

BOAT. Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman; courteous and considerate to the very humblest.

RALPH. True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his, and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

ALL. Well spoke! well spoke!

DICK. You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.

ALL (*recoiling*). Horrible! horrible!

BOAT. Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's company too far. I won't answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked! that's what I am—shocked.

RALPH. Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her.

ALL. Aye, aye!

RALPH. Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?

ALL. Aye, aye!

RALPH. True, I lack birth—

W. S. GILBERT

BOAT. You've a berth on board this very ship.

RALPH. Well said—I had forgotten that. Messmates—what do you say? Do you approve my determination?

ALL. We do.

DICK. I don't.

BOAT. What is to be done with this here hopeless chap? Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creature to a proper state of mind.



GLEE—RALPH, BOATSWAIN, BOATSWAIN'S MATE, *and* CHORUS

A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.
His nose should pant and his lip should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

CHORUS.—His nose should pant, etc.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude—(*pose*).

CHORUS.—His foot should stamp, etc.

(*All dance off excepting RALPH, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.*)

Enter JOSEPHINE from cabin.

JOS. It is useless—Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, for he told me so himself, but to me he seems tedious, fretful, and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. (*Sees RALPH.*) Ralph Rackstraw! (*Overcome by emotion.*)

RALPH. Aye, lady—no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw!

JOS. (*aside*). How my heart beats! (*Aloud.*) And why poor, Ralph?

RALPH. I am poor in the essence of happiness, lady—rich only in never-ending unrest. In me there meet a combination of antithetical elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither by objective influences—thither by subjective emotions—wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope—plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

JOS. Perfectly. (*Aside.*) His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared—but no, the thought is madness! (*Aloud.*) Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

RALPH (*aside*). I will—one. (*Aloud.*) Josephine!

JOS. (*indignantly*). Sir!

RALPH. Aye, even though Jove's armoury were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relationship, dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, in one brief breath I will concentrate the hopes, the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary months. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

JOS. Sir, this audacity! (*Aside.*) Oh, my heart, my beating heart!

W. S. GILBERT

(*Aloud.*) This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! (*Aside.*) Common! oh, the irony of the word! (*Crossing, aloud.*) Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

RALPH. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately, my life is in your hand—I lay it at your feet! Give me hope, and what I lack in education and polite accomplishments, that I will endeavour to acquire. Drive me to despair, and in death alone I shall look for consolation. I am proud and cannot stoop to implore. I have spoken and I wait your word.

JOS. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank—they should be lowered before your captain's daughter!

DUET—JOSEPHINE *and* RALPH

JOS.	Refrain, audacious tar, Your suit from pressing, Remember what you are, And whom addressing!
(<i>Aside.</i>)	I'd laugh my rank to scorn In union holy, Were he more highly born Or I more lowly!
RALPH.	Proud lady, have your way, Unfeeling beauty! You speak and I obey, It is my duty!
	I am the lowliest tar That sails the water, And you, proud maiden, are My captain's daughter!
(<i>Aside.</i>)	My heart with anguish torn Bows down before her, She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I adore her!

[Repeat refrain, ensemble, then exit JOSEPHINE into cabin.]

RALPH (*Recit.*). Can I survive this overbearing
Or live a life of mad despairing,

H. M. S. PINAFORE

My proffered love despised, rejected?

No, no, it's not to be expected!

(Calling off.)

Messmates, ahoy!

Come here! Come here!

Enter SAILORS, HEBE, *and* RELATIVES.

ALL.

Aye, aye, my boy,

What cheer, what cheer?

Now tell us, pray,

Without delay,

What does she say—

What cheer, what cheer?

RALPH (to COUSIN HEBE).

The maiden treats my suit with scorn,

Rejects my humble gift, my lady;

She says I am ignobly born,

And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.

ALL.

Oh, cruel one.

DICK.

She spurns your suit? Oho! Oho!

I told you so, I told you so.

SAILORS *and* RELATIVES.

Shall $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{we} \\ \text{they} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ submit? Are $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{we} \\ \text{they} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ but slaves?

Love comes alike to high and low—

Britannia's sailors rule the waves,

And shall they stoop to insult? No!

DICK.

You must submit, you are but slaves;

A lady she! Oho! Oho!

You lowly toilers of the waves,

She spurns you all—I told you so!

RALPH.

My friends, my leave of life I'm taking,

For oh, my heart, my heart is breaking.

When I am gone, oh, prithee tell

The maid that, as I died, I loved her well!

ALL (*turning away, weeping*).

Of life, alas! his leave he's taking,

For ah! his faithful heart is breaking;

W. S. GILBERT

When he is gone we'll surely tell
The maid that, as he died, he loved her well.

(*During Chorus BOATSWAIN has loaded pistol, which he hands to RALPH.*)

RALPH. Be warned, my messmates all
Who love in rank above you—
For Josephine I fall!

(*Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors stop their ears.*)

Enter JOSEPHINE on deck.

JOS. Ah! stay your hand! I love you!
ALL. Ah! stay your hand—she loves you!
RALPH (*incredulously*). Loves me?
JOS. Loves you!
ALL. Yes, yes—ah, yes,—she loves you!

ENSEMBLE

SAILORS *and* RELATIVES *and* JOSEPHINE

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
For now the sky is all serene;
The god of day—the orb of love—
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all ablaze.
With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,
And if I find } the maiden coy,
we find }
We'll } murmur forth decorous joy
I'll }
In dreamy roundelays!

DICK DEADEYE

He thinks he's won his Josephine,
But though the sky is now serene,
A frowning thunderbolt above
May end their ill-assorted love
Which now is all ablaze.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

Our captain, ere the day is gone,
Will be extremely down upon
The wicked men who art employ
To make his Josephine less coy
In many various ways.

[*Exit* DICK.]

JOS.	This very night,
HEBE.	With bated breath
RALPH.	And muffled oar—
JOS.	Without a light,
HEBE.	As still as death,
RALPH.	We'll steal ashore,
JOS.	A clergyman
RALPH.	Shall make us one
BOAT.	At half-past ten,
JOS.	And then we can
RALPH.	Return, for none
BOAT.	Can part them then!
ALL.	This very night, etc

(DICK *appears at hatchway.*)

DICK. Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned;
She is a lady—you a foremast hand!
Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter,
And you the meanest slave that crawls the water!

ALL. Back, vermin, back,
Nor mock us!
Back, vermin, back,
You shock us!

[*Exit* DICK.]

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride
Who casts all thought of rank aside—
Who gives up home and fortune too
For the honest love of a sailor true!
For a British tar is a soaring soul
As free as a mountain bird!
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word!

W. S. GILBERT

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude—(*pose*).

GENERAL DANCE

END OF ACT I



H. M. S. PINAFORE

ACT TWO



SAME SCENE. *Night. Awning removed. Moonlight.*

CAPTAIN *discovered singing on poop-deck, and accompanying himself on a mandolin.* LITTLE BUTTERCUP *seated on quarter-deck, gazing sentimentally at him.*

SONG—CAPTAIN

Fair moon, to thee I sing
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
I have lived hitherto
Free from breath of slander,
Beloved by all my crew—
A really popular commander.
But now my kindly crew rebel,
My daughter to a tar is partial,
Sir Joseph storms, and, sad to tell,
He threatens a court martial!
Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?

BUT. How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may

W. S. GILBERT

bel! Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet if he knew—if he only knew!

CAPT. (*coming down*). Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

BUT. True, dear Captain—but the recollection of your sad pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!

BUT. Oh no—do not say “all”, dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

CAPT. True, for you are staunch to me. (*Aside.*) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this! (*Aloud.*) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT. I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty—and I poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

CAPT. Destinies?

BUT. There is a change in store for you!

CAPT. A change?

BUT. Aye—be prepared!

DUET—LITTLE BUTTERCUP *and* CAPTAIN

BUT. Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.

CAPT. (*puzzled*). Very true,
So they do.

BUT. Black sheep dwell in every fold;
All that glitters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs;
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

CAPT. (*puzzled*). So they be,
 Frequentlee.
BUT. Drops the wind and stops the mill;
 Turbot is ambitious brill;
 Gild the farthing if you will,
 Yet it is a farthing still.
CAPT. (*puzzled*). Yes, I know,
 That is so.
 Though to catch your drift I'm striving,
 It is shady—it is shady;
 I don't see at what you're driving,
 Mystic lady—mystic lady,
(*Aside.*) Stern conviction's o'er me stealing,
 That the mystic lady's dealing
 In oracular revealing.



BUT. (*aside*). Stern conviction's o'er him stealing,
 That the mystic lady's dealing
 In oracular revealing.
BOTH. Yes, I know—
 That is so!
CAPT. Though I'm anything but clever,
 I could talk like that for ever:
 Once a cat was killed by care;
 Only brave deserve the fair.

W. S. GILBERT

BUT.

**Very true,
So they do.**

CAPT.

Wink is often good as nod;
Spoils the child who spares the rod;
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers;
Dogs are found in many mangers.

BUT.

Frequentlee,
I agree.

CAPT.

Paw of cat the chestnut snatches;
Worn-out garments show new patches;
Only count the chick that hatches;
Men are grown-up catchy-catchies.

BUT.

Yes, I know,
That is so.

(Aside.)

Though to catch my drift he's striving,
I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble;
When he sees at what I'm driving,
Let him tremble—let him tremble!

ENSEMBLE

Though a mystic tone— $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{I} \\ \text{you} \end{array} \right\}$ borrow,
 'You will } learn the truth with sorrow,
 I shall }
 Here to-day and gone to-morrow;
 Yes, I know—
 That is so!

[At the end exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP melodramatically.]

CAPT. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell!

Enter SIR JOSEPH.

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact, I don't think she will do.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph!

SIR JOSEPH. I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so hitherto without success. How do you account for this?

CAPT. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

SIR JOSEPH. She naturally would be.

CAPT. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

SIR JOSEPH. You think it does?

CAPT. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

SIR JOSEPH. That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

CAPT. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

SIR JOSEPH. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

Enter JOSEPHINE from cabin. FIRST LORD and CAPTAIN retire.

SCENA—JOSEPHINE

The hours creep on apace,
My guilty heart is quaking!
Oh, that I might retrace
The step that I am taking!
Its folly it were easy to be showing,
What I am giving up and whither going.
On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger-glasses,
Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,
And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.

W. S. GILBERT

And on the other, a dark and dingy room,
In some back street with stuffy children crying,
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in,
And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,
Unlettered and unknown,
Who toils for bread from early morn
Till half the night has flown!
No golden rank can he impart—
No wealth of house or land—
No fortune save his trusty heart
And honest brown right hand!
And yet he is so wondrous fair
That love for one so passing rare,
So peerless in his manly beauty,
Were little else than solemn duty!
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey!

SIR JOSEPH *and* CAPTAIN *enter*.

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you officially my assurance, that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

JOS. Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is *not* inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

SIR JOSEPH. I am officially of that opinion.

JOS. That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, I desire to convey to you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

JOS. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I *did* hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (*Aside.*) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause!

H. M. S. PINAFORE

TRIO

FIRST LORD, CAPTAIN, *and* JOSEPHINE

CAPT. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though his lordship's station's mighty,
Though stupendous be his brain,
Though your tastes are mean and flighty
And your fortune poor and plain,

CAPT. *and*
SIR JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{my} \end{array} \right\}$ lordship

With a humble captain's child!

CAPT. For a humble captain's daughter—

JOS. For a gallant captain's daughter—

SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water—

JOS. (*aside*). And a *tar* who ploughs the water!

ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,

Rend with songs the air above,

For the union of a maiden

With the man who owns her love!

SIR JOSEPH. Never mind the why and wherefore,

Love can level ranks, and therefore,

Though your nautical relation (*alluding to CAPT.*)

In my set could scarcely pass—

Though you occupy a station

In the lower middle class—

CAPT. *and*
SIR JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board-ship,

Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{my} \\ \text{his} \end{array} \right\}$ lordship

With a humble captain's child!

CAPT. For a humble captain's daughter—

JOS. For a gallant captain's daughter—

SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water—

JOS. (*aside*). And a *tar* who ploughs the water!

ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,

Rend with songs the air above,

W. S. GILBERT

JOS. For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love!
Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
I admit the jurisdiction;
Ablly have you played your part;
You have carried firm conviction
To my hesitating heart.
Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of { my } lordship
 { his }

CAPT. *and*
SIR JOSEPH.

CAPT. With a humble captain's child!
JOS. For a humble captain's daughter—
SIR JOSEPH. For a gallant captain's daughter—
JOS. (*aside*). And a lord who rules the water—
(*Aloud.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water!
Let the air with joy be laden.

CAPT. *and* SIR JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board-ship—
JOS. For the union of a maiden—

CAPT. *and* SIR JOSEPH. For her union with his lordship.
ALL. Rend with songs the air above
For the man who owns her love!

[Exit JOS.]

CAPT. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this glorious country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable.

[*Exit* SIR JOSEPH.

CAPT. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian. *(During this speech DICK DEADEYE has entered.)*

DICK. Captain.

CAPT. Deadeye! You here? Don't! (*Recoiling from him.*)

DICK. Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain. I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.

CAPT. What would you with me?

H. M. S. PINAFORE

DICK (*mysteriously*). I'm come to give you warning.

CAPT. Indeed! do you propose to leave the Navy *then*?

DICK. No, no, you misunderstand me; listen!

DUET

CAPTAIN *and* DICK DEADEYE

DICK. Kind Captain, I've important information,
Sing hey, the kind commander that you are,
About a certain intimate relation,
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.



CAPT. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,
Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are;
The answer to them vainly I am seeking;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

DICK. Kind Captain, your young lady is a-sighing,
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

W. S. GILBERT

CAPT. Good fellow, you have given timely warning,
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are,
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning:
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar.
(*Producing a "cat".*)

BOTH. The merry cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!

CAPT. Dick Deadeye—I thank you for your warning—I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat cloak will afford me ample disguise—So! (*Envelops himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.*)

DICK. Ha, ha! They are foiled—foiled—foiled!

Enter Crew on tiptoe, with RALPH and BOATSWAIN meeting JOSEPHINE, who enters from cabin on tiptoe, with bundle of necessities, and accompanied by LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

ENSEMBLE

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,
Breathing gently as we may,
Every step with caution feeling,
We will softly steal away.
(*CAPTAIN stamps.*)—*Chord*

ALL (*much alarmed*). Goodness me—
Why, what was that?

DICK. Silent be,
It was the cat!

ALL (*reassured*). It was—it was the cat!

CAPT. (*producing cat-o'-nine-tails*). They're right, it was the cat!

ALL. Pull ashore, in fashion steady,
Hymen will defray the fare.
For a clergyman is ready
To unite the happy pair!
(*Stamp as before, and Chord.*)

ALL. Goodness me,
Why, what was that?

DICK. Silent be,
Again the cat!

H. M. S. PINAFORE

It was again that cat!

They're right, it was the cat!

CAPT. (*throwing off cloak*). Hold! (*All start.*)

Pretty daughter of mine,

I insist upon knowing

Where you may be going

With these sons of the brine,

For my excellent crew,

Though foes they could thump any,

Are scarcely fit company,

My daughter, for you.

Now, hark at that, do!

Though foes we could thump any,

We are scarcely fit company

For a lady like you!

Proud officer, that haughty lip uncuri!

Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,

For I have dared to love your matchless girl,

A fact well known to all my messmates here!

Oh, horror!

RALPH *and* JOS. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{I,} \\ \text{He,} \end{array} \right\}$ humble, poor, and lowly born,

The meanest in the port division—

The butt of epauletted scorn—

The mark of quarter-deck derision—

Have } dared to raise { my } wormy eyes
Has } { his }

Above the dust to which you'd mould { me
him.

In manhood's glorious pride to rise,

I am } an Englishman—behold { me!
He is } him!

He is an Englishman!

He is an Englishman!

For he himself has said it,

And it's greatly to his credit,

That he is an Englishman!

That he is an Englishman!

W. S. GILBERT

BOAT. For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps Itali-an!

ALL. Or perhaps Itali-an!

BOAT. But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!

ALL. For in spite of all temptations, etc.



CAPT. (*trying to repress his anger*).
In uttering a reprobation
To any British tar,
I try to speak with moderation,
But you have gone too far.
I'm very sorry to disparage
A humble foremast lad,
But to seek your captain's child in marriage,
Why, damme, it's too bad!

During this, COUSIN HEBE and FEMALE RELATIVES have entered.

ALL (*shocked*). Oh!

CAPT. Yes, damme, it's too bad!

ALL. Oh!

CAPT. and DICK DEADEYE. Yes, damme, it's too bad

H. M. S. PINAFORE

During this, SIR JOSEPH has appeared on poop-deck. He is horrified at the bad language.

HEBE. Did you hear him—did you hear him?
Oh, the monster overbearing!
Don't go near him—don't go near him—
He is swearing—he is swearing!

SIR JOSEPH. My pain and my distress,
I find it is not easy to express;
My amazement—my surprise—
You may learn from the expression of my eyes!

CAPT. My lord—one word—the facts are not before you
The word was injudicious, I allow—
But hear my explanation, I implore you,
And you will be indignant too, I vow!

SIR JOSEPH. I will hear of no defence,
Attempt none if you're sensible.
That word of evil sense
Is wholly indefensible
Go, ribald, get you hence
To your cabin with celerity.
This is the consequence
Of ill-advised asperity!

[Exit CAPTAIN, disgraced, followed by JOSEPHINE.]

ALL. This is the consequence,
Of ill-advised asperity!

SIR JOSEPH. For I'll teach you all, ere long,
To refrain from language strong.

For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred taunts!

HEBE. No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts.

ALL. For he is an Englishman, etc.

SIR JOSEPH. Now, tell me, my fine fellow—for you *are* a fine fellow—

RALPH. Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. How came your captain so far to forget himself? I am quite sure you had given him no cause for annoyance.

RALPH. Please your honour, it was thus-wise. You see I'm only a topman—a mere foremast hand—

W. S. GILBERT

SIR JOSEPH. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a topman is a very exalted one.

RALPH. Well, your honour, love burns as brightly in the fo'c'sle as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes.

Enter JOSEPHINE; she rushes to RALPH's arms.

JOS. Darling! (SIR JOSEPH *horrified*.)

RALPH. She is the figurehead of my ship of life—the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness—the rarest, the purest gem that ever sparkled on a poor but worthy fellow's trusting brow!

ALL. Very pretty, very pretty!

SIR JOSEPH. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! (*Two Marines seize him and handcuff him.*)

JOS. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

SIR JOSEPH. Pray, don't. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

ALL. We have!

DICK. They have!

SIR JOSEPH. Then load him with chains and take him there at once!

OCTETTE

RALPH. Farewell, my own,
Light of my life, farewell!
For crime unknown
I go to a dungeon cell.

JOS. I will atone.
In the meantime farewell!
And all alone
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

SIR JOSEPH. A bone, a bone
I'll pick with this sailor fell;
Let him be shown
At once to his dungeon cell.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

BOATSWAIN, DICK DEADEYE, *and* COUSIN HEBE

He'll hear no tone
Of the maiden he loves so well!
No telephone
Communicates with his cell!

BUT. (*mysteriously*). But when is known
The secret I have to tell,
Wide will be thrown
The door of his dungeon cell.

ALL. For crime unknown
He goes to a dungeon cell!

[RALPH *is led off in custody.*]

SIR JOSEPH. My pain and my distress
Again it is not easy to express.
My amazement, my surprise,
Again you may discover from my eyes.

ALL. How terrible the aspect of his eyes!

BUT. Hold! Ere upon your loss

You lay much stress,
A long-concealèd crime
I would confess.

SONG—BUTTERCUP

A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
As some of you may know.
I practised baby-farming.

ALL. Now this is most alarming!
When she was young and charming
She practised baby-farming,

A many years ago.

BUT. Two tender babes I nussed:
One was of low condition.
The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician.

W. S. GILBERT

ALL (*explaining to each other*).

Now, this is the position:
One was of low condition
The other a patrician,
A many years ago.

BUT.

Oh, bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it!



ALL.

However could you do it?
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many years ago.

BUT.

In time each little waif
Forsook his foster-mother
The well-born babe was Ralph—
Your captain was the other!!!

ALL.

They left their foster-mother,
The one was Ralph, our brother,
Our captain was the other,
A many years ago.

SIR JOSEPH. Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hour—that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is Ralph?

BUT. That is the idea I intended to convey, officially!

SIR JOSEPH. And very well you have conveyed it.

BUT. Aye! aye! yer 'onour.

SIR JOSEPH. Dear me! Let them appear before me, at once!

H. M. S. PINAFORE

RALPH *enters as* CAPTAIN; CAPTAIN *as a common sailor*. JOSEPHINE *rushes to his arms*.

JOS. My father—a common sailor!

CAPT. It is hard, is it not, my dear?

SIR JOSEPH. This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. (*To RALPH.*) Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

RALPH. Corcoran. Three paces to the front—march!

CAPT. If what?

RALPH. If what? I don't think I understand you.

CAPT. If you please.

SIR JOSEPH. The gentleman is quite right. If you *please*.

RALPH. Oh! If you *please*. (*CAPTAIN steps forward.*)

SIR JOSEPH (*to CAPTAIN*). You are an extremely fine fellow.

CAPT. Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

CAPT. So it seems, your honour.



SIR JOSEPH. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

CAPT. Don't say that, your honour—love levels all ranks.

SIR JOSEPH. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that. (*Handing JOSEPHINE to RALPH.*) Here—take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

RALPH *and* JOS. Oh bliss, oh rapture!

CAPT. *and* BUT. Oh rapture, oh bliss!

W. S. GILBERT

SIR JOSEPH. Sad my lot and sorry,
 What shall I do? I cannot live alone!
 HEBE. Fear nothing—while I live I'll not desert you.
 I'll soothe and comfort your declining days.
 SIR JOSEPH. No, don't do that.
 HEBE. Yes, but indeed I'd rather—
 SIR JOSEPH (*resigned*). To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,
 Three loving pairs on the same day united!

QUARTETTE

JOSEPHINE, HEBE, RALPH, *and* DEADEYE

Oh, joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
 The clouded sky is now serene,
 The god of day—the orb of love,
 Has hung his ensign high above,
 The sky is all ablaze.
 With wooing words and loving song,
 We'll chase the lagging hours along,
 And if { he finds } the maiden coy,
 { I find }
 We'll murmur forth decorous joy,
 In dreamy roundelay.
 CAPT. For he's the Captain of the *Pinafore*.
 ALL. And a right good captain too!
 CAPT. And though before my fall
 I was captain of you all,
 I'm a member of the crew.
 ALL. Although before his fall, etc.
 CAPT. I shall marry with a wife,
 In my humble rank of life! (*turning to BUT.*)
 And you, my own, are she—
 I must wander to and fro,
 But wherever I may go,
 I shall never be untrue to thee!
 ALL. What, never?
 CAPT. No, never!
 ALL. What, *never*?
 CAPT. Hardly ever!

H. M. S. PINAFORE

- ALL. Hardly ever be untrue to thee.
 Then give three cheers, and one cheer **more**
 For the former Captain of the *Pinafore*.
- BUT. For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,
 Though I could never tell why;
 But still he loves Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,
 Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!
- ALL. For he loves, etc.
- SIR JOSEPH. I'm the monarch of the sea,
 And when I've married thee (*to HEBE*)
 I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants,
- HEBE. Then good-bye to his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts,
 Especially his cousins,
 Whom he reckons up by dozens,
 His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
- ALL. For he is an Englishman,
 And he himself hath said it,
 And it's greatly to his credit
 That he is an Englishman!

CURTAIN



The Pirates of Penzance
OR
THE SLAVE OF DUTY



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY.

THE PIRATE KING.

SAMUEL (*his Lieutenant*).

FREDERIC (*the Pirate Apprentice*).

SERGEANT OF POLICE.

MABEL

EDITH

KATE

ISABEL

RUTH (*a Pirate Maid of all Work*).

} (*General Stanley's Daughters*).

Chorus of Pirates, Police, and General Stanley's Daughters

ACT I.—A Rocky Sea-shore on the Coast of Cornwall.

ACT II.—A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight.

First produced at the Opéra Comique on April 3, 1880.

The Pirates of Penzance

OR

THE SLAVE OF DUTY



ACT ONE

SCENE—*A rocky sea shore on the coast of Cornwall. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor. As the curtain rises groups of pirates are discovered—some drinking, some playing cards. SAMUEL, the Pirate Lieutenant is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a flask. FREDERIC is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene.*



OPENING CHORUS

Pour, oh, pour the pirate sherry;
Fill, oh, fill the pirate glass;
And, to make us more than merry,
Let the pirate bumper pass.

W. S. GILBERT

- SAM. For to-day our pirate 'prentice
Rises from indenture freed;
Strong his arm and keen his scent is,
He's a pirate now indeed!
- ALL. Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!
Frederic's out of his indentures.
- SAM. Two-and-twenty now he's rising,
And alone he's fit to fly,
Which we're bent on signalizing
With unusual revelry.
- ALL. Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!
Frederic's out of his indentures.
Pour, oh, pour the pirate sherry, etc.

FREDERIC rises and comes forward with PIRATE KING, who enters.

KING. Yes, Frederic, from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band.

ALL. Hurrah!

FRED. My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly wishes. Would that I could repay them as they deserve!

KING. What do you mean?

FRED. To-day I am out of my indentures, and to-day I leave you for ever.

KING. But this is quite unaccountable; a keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a P. & O. never shipped a handspike.

FRED. Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my indentures, and I am the slave of duty. As a child I was regularly apprenticed to your band. It was through an error—no matter, the mistake was ours, not yours, and I was in honour bound by it.

SAM. An error? What error?

RUTH enters

FRED. I may not tell you; it would reflect upon my well-loved Ruth.

RUTH. Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankering tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE



SONG—RUTH

When Frederic was a little lad he proved so brave and daring,
His father thought he'd 'prentice him to some career seafaring.
I was, alas! his nurserymaid, and so it fell to *my* lot
To take and bind the promising boy apprentice to a *pilot*—
A life not bad for a hardy lad, though surely not a high lot,
Though I'm a nurse, you might do worse than make your boy a pilot.
I was a stupid nurserymaid, on breakers always steering,
And I did not catch the word aright, through being hard of hearing;
Mistaking my instructions, which within my brain did gyrate,
I took and bound this promising boy apprentice to a *pirate*.
A sad mistake it was to make and doom him to a vile lot.
I bound him to a pirate—you—instead of to a pilot.
I soon found out, beyond all doubt, the scope of this disaster,
But I hadn't the face to return to my place, and break it to my master.
A nurserymaid is not afraid of what you people *call* work,
So I made up my mind to go as a kind of piratical maid-of-all-work.
And that is how you find me now, a member of your shy lot,
Which you wouldn't have found, had he been bound apprentice to a
pilot.

RUTH. Oh, pardon! Frederic, pardon! (*Kneels.*)

FRED. Rise, sweet one, I have long pardoned you.

RUTH (*rises*). The two words were so much alike!

FRED. They were. They still are, though years have rolled over their heads. But this afternoon my obligation ceases. Individually, I love

W. S. GILBERT

you all with affection unspeakable, but, collectively, I look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh! pity me, my beloved friends, for such is my sense of duty that, once out of my indentures, I shall feel myself bound to devote myself heart and soul to your extermination!

ALL. Poor lad—poor lad! (*All weep.*)

KING. Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel that it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you for acting on that conviction. Always act in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, my boy, and chance the consequences.

SAM. Besides, we can offer you but little temptation to remain with us. We don't seem to make piracy pay. I'm sure I don't know why, but we don't.

FRED. I know why, but, alas! I mustn't tell you; it wouldn't be right.

KING. Why not, my boy? It's only half-past eleven, and you are one of us until the clock strikes twelve.

SAM. True, and until then you are bound to protect our interests.

ALL. Hear, hear!

FRED. Well, then, it is my duty, as a pirate, to tell you that you are too tender-hearted. For instance, you make a point of never attacking a weaker party than yourselves, and when you attack a stronger party you invariably get thrashed.

KING. There is some truth in that.

FRED. Then, again, you make a point of never molesting an orphan!

SAM. Of course: we are orphans ourselves, and know what it is.

FRED. Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence? Every one we capture says he's an orphan. The last three ships we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we had to let them go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums—which we know is not the case.

SAM. But, hang it all! you wouldn't have us absolutely merciless?

FRED. There's my difficulty; until twelve o'clock I would, after twelve I wouldn't. Was ever a man placed in so delicate a situation?

RUTH. And Ruth, your own Ruth, whom you love so well, and who has won her middle-aged way into your boyish heart, what is to become of *her*?

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

KING. Oh, he will take you with him.

FRED. Well, Ruth, I feel some little difficulty about you. It is true that I admire you very much, but I have been constantly at sea since I was eight years old, and yours is the only woman's face I have seen during that time. I think it is a sweet face.

RUTH. It is—oh, it is!

FRED. I say I *think* it is; that is my impression. But as I have never had an opportunity of comparing you with other women, it is just possible I may be mistaken.

KING. True.

FRED. What a terrible thing it would be if I were to marry this innocent person, and then find out that she is, on the whole, plain!

KING. Oh, Ruth is very well, very well indeed.

SAM. Yes, there are the remains of a fine woman about Ruth.

FRED. Do you really think so?

SAM. I do.

FRED. Then I will not be so selfish as to take her from you. In justice to her, and in consideration for you, I will leave her behind. (*Hands RUTH to KING.*)

KING. No, Frederic, this must not be. We are rough men who lead a rough life, but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would rob thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

ALL (*loudly*). Not one!

KING. No, I thought there wasn't. Keep thy love, Frederic, keep thy love. (*Hands her back to FREDERIC.*)

FRED. You're very good, I'm sure. [*Exit RUTH.*]

KING. Well, it's the top of the tide, and we must be off. Farewell, Frederic. When your process of extermination begins, let our deaths be as swift and painless as you can conveniently make them.

FRED. I will! By the love I have for you, I swear it! Would that you could render this extermination unnecessary by accompanying me back to civilization!

KING. No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest. No, Frederic, I shall live and die a Pirate King.

W. S. GILBERT

SONG—PIRATE KING

Oh, better far to live and die
Under the brave black flag I fly,
Than play a sanctimonious part,
With a pirate head and a pirate heart.
Away to the cheating world go you,
Where pirates all are well-to-do;
But I'll be true to the song I sing,
And live and die a Pirate King.
For I am a Pirate King.

ALL.

You are!

Hurrah for our Pirate King!

KING.

And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King.

ALL.

Hurrah!

Hurrah for our Pirate King!

KING.

When I sally forth to seek my prey
I help myself in a royal way:
I sink a few more ships, it's true,
Than a well-bred monarch ought to do;
But many a king on a first-class throne,
If he wants to call his crown his own,
Must manage somehow to get through
More dirty work than ever *I* do,
Though I am a Pirate King.

ALL.

You are!

Hurrah for our Pirate King!

KING.

And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!

ALL.

It is!

Hurrah for our Pirate King!

[*Exeunt all except FREDERIC.*]

Enter RUTH.

RUTH. Oh, take me with you! I cannot live if I am left behind.

FRED. Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are very dear to me as you know, but I must be circumspect. You see, you are considerably older than I. A lad of twenty-one usually looks for a wife of seventeen.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

RUTH. A wife of seventeen! You will find me a wife of a thousand!

FRED. No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough. Ruth, tell me candidly, and without reserve: compared with other women—how are *you*?

RUTH. I will answer you truthfully, master—I have a slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

FRED. I am sorry for your cold, but I was referring rather to your personal appearance. Compared with other women, are you beautiful?

RUTH (*bashfully*). I have been told so, dear master.

FRED. Ah, but lately?

RUTH. Oh, no, years and years ago.

FRED. What do you think of yourself?

RUTH. It is a delicate question to answer, but I think I am a fine woman.

FRED. That is your candid opinion?

RUTH. Yes, I should be deceiving you if I told you otherwise.

FRED. Thank you, Ruth, I believe you, for I am sure you would not practise on my inexperience; I wish to do the right thing, and if—I say *if*—you are really a fine woman, your age shall be no obstacle to our union! (*Chorus of Girls heard in the distance.*) Hark! Surely I hear voices! Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair? Can it be Custom House? No, it does not sound like Custom House.

RUTH (*aside*). Confusion! it is the voices of young girls! If he should see them I am lost.

FRED. (*looking off*). By all that's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens!

RUTH (*aside*). Lost! lost! lost!

FRED. How lovely! how surpassingly lovely is the plainest of them! What grace—what delicacy—what refinement! And Ruth—Ruth told me she was beautiful!

RECIT.

FRED. Oh, false one, you have deceived me!

RUTH. I have deceived you?

FRED. Yes, deceived me!

(*Denouncing her.*)

W. S. GILBERT

DUET—FRED. *and* RUTH

FRED. You told me you were fair as gold!
 RUTH (*wildly*). And, master, am I not so?
 FRED. And now I see you're plain and old.
 RUTH. I am sure I am not a jot so.
 FRED. Upon my innocence you play.
 RUTH. I'm not the one to plot so.
 FRED. Your face is lined, your hair is grey.
 RUTH. It's gradually got so.
 FRED. Faithless woman, to deceive me,
 I who trusted so!
 RUTH. Master, master, do not leave me!
 Hear me, ere you go!
 My love without reflecting,
 Oh, do not be rejecting.
 Take a maiden tender—her affection raw and green,
 At very highest rating,
 Has been accumulating
 Summers seventeen—summers seventeen.
 Don't, beloved master,
 Crush me with disaster.
 What is such a dower to the dower I have here?
 My love unabating
 Has been accumulating
 Forty-seven year—forty-seven year!

ENSEMBLE

RUTH	FRED.
Don't, beloved master,	Yes, your former master
Crush me with disaster.	Saves you from disaster.
What is such a dower to the dower	Your love would be uncomfortably
I have here?	fervid, it is clear,
My love unabating	If, as you are stating,
Has been accumulating	It's been accumulating
Forty-seven year—forty-seven year!	Forty-seven year—forty-seven year!

[*At the end he renounces her, and she goes off in despair.*]

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

RECIT.—FRED.

What shall I do? Before these gentle maidens
I dare not show in this alarming costume.
No, no, I must remain in close concealment
Until I can appear in decent clothing!

(Hides in cave as they enter climbing over the rocks.)

GIRLS. Climbing over rocky mountain,
Skipping rivulet and fountain,
Passing where the willows quiver
By the ever-rolling river,
Swollen with the summer rain;
Threading long and leafy mazes
Dotted with unnumbered daisies;
Scaling rough and rugged passes,
Climb the hardy little lasses,
Till the bright sea-shore they gain!

EDITH. Let us gaily tread the measure,
Make the most of fleeting leisure;
Hail it as a true ally,
Though it perish by and by.

ALL. Hail it as a true ally,
Though it perish by and by.

EDITH. Every moment brings a treasure
Of its own especial pleasure,
Though the moments quickly die,
Greet them gaily as they fly.

KATE. Far away from toil and care,
Revelling in fresh sea air,
Here we live and reign alone
In a world that's all our own.
Here in this our rocky den,
Far away from mortal men,
We'll be queens, and make decrees—
They may honour them who please.

ALL. Let us gaily tread the measure, etc.

KATE. What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are!

EDITH. And I wonder where papa is. We have left him ever so far behind.

W. S. GILBERT

ISABEL. Oh, he will be here presently! Remember poor papa is not as young as we are, and we have come over a rather difficult country.

KATE. But how thoroughly delightful it is to be so entirely alone! Why, in all probability we are the first human beings who ever set foot on this enchanting spot.

ISABEL. Except the mermaids—it's the very place for mermaids.

KATE. Who are only human beings down to the waist!

EDITH. And who can't be said strictly to set *foot* anywhere. Tails they may, but feet they *cannot*.

KATE. But what shall we do until papa and the servants arrive with the luncheon?

EDITH. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass. Suppose we take off our shoes and stockings and paddle?

ALL. Yes, yes! The very thing! (*They prepare to carry out the suggestion. They have all taken off one shoe, when FREDERIC comes forward from cave.*)

FRED. (*recitative*). Stop, ladies, pray!

ALL (*hopping on one foot*). A man!

FRED. I had intended

Not to intrude myself upon your notice
In this effective but alarming costume,
But under these peculiar circumstances
It is my bounden duty to inform you
That your proceedings will not be unwitnessed!

EDITH. But who are you, sir? Speak! (*All hopping.*)

FRED. I am a pirate!

ALL (*recoiling, hopping*). A pirate! Horror!

FRED. Ladies, do not shun me!

This evening I renounce my wild profession;
And to that end, oh, pure and peerless maidens!
Oh, blushing buds of ever-blooming beauty!
I, sore at heart, implore your kind assistance.

EDITH. How pitiful his tale!

KATE. How rare his beauty

ALL. How pitiful his tale! How rare his beauty!

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

SONG—FRED.

Oh, is there not one maiden breast
Which does not feel the moral beauty
Of making worldly interest
Subordinate to sense of duty?
Who would not give up willingly
All matrimonial ambition,
To rescue such a one as I
From his unfortunate position?

ALL. Alas! there's not one maiden breast
Which seems to feel the moral beauty
Of making worldly interest
Subordinate to sense of duty!

FRED. Oh, is there not one maiden here
Whose homely face and bad complexion
Have caused all hopes to disappear
Of ever winning man's affection?
To such a one, if such there be,
I swear by Heaven's arch above you,
If you will cast your eyes on me—
However plain you be—I'll love you!

ALL. Alas! there's not one maiden here
Whose homely face and bad complexion
Have caused all hope to disappear
Of ever winning man's affection!

FRED. (*in despair*). Not one?

ALL. No, no—not one!

FRED. Not one?

ALL. No, no!

MABEL *enters*.

MABEL. Yes, one!

ALL. 'Tis Mabel!

MABEL. Yes, 'tis Mabel!

RECIT.—MABEL

Oh, sisters, deaf to pity's name,
For shame!

W. S. GILBERT

It's true that he has gone astray,
But pray
Is that a reason good and true
Why you
Should all be deaf to pity's name?
The question is, had he not been
A thing of beauty?
Would she be swayed by quite as keen
A sense of duty?
For shame, for shame, for shame!

ALL (*aside*).

MABEL.



SONG—MABEL

Poor wandering one!
Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace,
Thy steps retrace,
Poor wandering one!
Poor wandering one!
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find
True peace of mind—

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

ALL. Why, take it, it is thine!
 Take heart, fair days will shine;
 Take any heart—take mine!
 Take heart; no danger lowers;
 Take any heart—but ours!

[*Exeunt* MABEL and FREDERIC.]

(EDITH *beckons* her sisters, who form in a semicircle around her.)

EDITH

What ought we to do,
Gentle sisters, say?
Propriety, we know,
Says we ought to stay;
While sympathy exclaims,
“Free them from your tether—
Play at other games—
Leave them here together.”

KATE

Her case may, any day,
Be yours, my dear, or mine.
Let her make her hay
While the sun doth shine.
Let us compromise,
(Our hearts are not of leather.)
Let us shut our eyes,
And talk about the weather.
GIRLS. Yes, yes, let's talk about the weather.

CHATTERING CHORUS

How beautifully blue the sky,
The glass is rising very high,
Continue fine I hope it may,
And yet it rained but yesterday.
To-morrow it may pour again
(I hear the country wants some rain),
Yet people say, I know not why,
That we shall have a warm July.

W. S. GILBERT

Enter MABEL and FREDERIC.

(During MABEL's solo the Girls continue chatter pianissimo, but listening eagerly all the time.)

SOLO—MABEL

Did ever maiden wake
From dream of homely duty,
To find her daylight break
With such exceeding beauty?
Did ever maiden close
Her eyes on waking sadness,
To dream of such exceeding gladness?

FRED.

Oh, yes! ah, yes! this is exceeding gladness.

GIRLS.

How beautifully blue the sky, etc.

SOLO—FRED.

(During this, Girls continue their chatter pianissimo as before, but listening intently all the time.)

Did ever pirate roll
His soul in guilty dreaming,
And wake to find that soul
With peace and virtue beaming?

ENSEMBLE

MABEL.

Did ever maiden wake,
etc.

FRED.

Did ever pirate roll,
etc.

GIRLS

How beautifully blue the
sky, etc.

RECIT.—FRED.

Stay, we must not lose our senses;
Men who stick at no offences
Will anon be here.
Piracy their dreadful trade is;
Pray you, get you hence, young ladies,
While the coast is clear.

[FREDERIC and MABEL retire.]

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

GIRLS. No, we must not lose our senses,
 If they stick at no offences
 We should not be here.
 Piracy their dreadful trade is—
 Nice companions for young ladies!
 Let us disappear.

During this chorus the Pirates have entered stealthily, and formed in a semicircle behind the Girls. As the Girls move to go off each Pirate seizes a girl. KING seizes EDITH and ISABEL, SAMUEL seizes KATE.

ALL. Too late!
 PIRATES. Ha! Ha!
 ALL. Too late!
 PIRATES. Ha! Ha!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

ENSEMBLE

(Pirates pass in front of Girls.)

(Girls pass in front of Pirates.)

PIRATES

Here's a first-rate opportunity
 To get married with impunity,
 And indulge in the felicity
 Of unbounded domesticity.
 You shall quickly be parsonified,
 Conjugally matrimonified,
 By a doctor of divinity,
 Who resides in this vicinity.

GIRLS

We have missed our opportunity
 Of escaping with impunity;
 So farewell to the felicity
 Of our maiden domesticity!
 We shall quickly be parsonified,
 Conjugally matrimonified,
 By a doctor of divinity,
 Who resides in this vicinity.

MABEL (*coming forward*).

RECIT.

Hold, monsters! Ere your pirate caravanserai
 Proceed, against our will, to wed us all,
 Just bear in mind that we are Wards in Chancery,
 And father is a Major-General!

SAM. (*cowed*). We'd better pause, or danger may befall,
 Their father is a Major-General.

W. S. GILBERT

GIRLS. Yes, yes; he is a Major-General!

The MAJOR-GENERAL has entered unnoticed, on rock.

GEN. Yes, I am a Major-General!

SAM. For he is a Major-General!

ALL. He is! Hurrah for the Major-General!

GEN. And it is—it is a glorious thing

To be a Major-General!

ALL. It is! Hurrah for the Major-General!



SONG—MAJOR-GENERAL

I am the very model of a modern Major-General,
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news—
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

ALL. With many cheerful facts, etc.

GEN. I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous;
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

- ALL. In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.
- GEN. I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's,
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous.
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,
I know the croaking chorus from the *Frogs* of Aristophanes,
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense *Pinafore*.
- ALL. And whistle all the airs, etc.
- GEN. Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform,
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform;
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.
- ALL. In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.
- GEN. In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin,"
When I can tell at sight a chassépôt rifle from a javelin,
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by "commissariat",
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern
gunnery,
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery;
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy,
You'll say a better Major-General has never *sat* a gee—
- ALL. You'll say a better, etc.
- GEN. For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;
But still in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.
- ALL. But still in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral.
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

GEN. And now that I've introduced myself I should like to have
some idea of what's going on.

KATE. Oh, papa—we—

SAM. Permit me, I'll explain in two words: we propose to marry your
daughters.

W. S. GILBERT

GEN. Dear me!

GIRLS. Against our wills, papa—against our wills!

GEN. Oh, but you mustn't do that! May I ask—this is a picturesque uniform, but I'm not familiar with it. What are you?

KING. We are all single gentlemen.

GEN. Yes, I gathered that—anything else?

KING. No, nothing else.

EDITH. Papa, don't believe them; they are pirates—the famous Pirates of Penzance!

GEN. The Pirates of Penzance! I have often heard of them.

MABEL. All except this gentleman—(*indicating* FREDERIC)—who was a pirate once, but who is out of his indentures to-day, and who means to lead a blameless life evermore.

GEN. But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-in-law.

KING. We object to Major-Generals as fathers-in-law. But we waive that point. We do not press it. We look over it.

GEN. (*aside*). Hah! an idea! (*Aloud*.) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of these, the sole remaining props of my old age, and leave me to go through the remainder of my life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

KING. Well, yes, that's the idea.

GEN. Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

PIRATES (*disgusted*). Oh, dash it all!

KING. Here we are again!

GEN. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

KING. Often!

GEN. Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?

KING. I say, often.

ALL (*disgusted*). Often, often, often. (*Turning away*.)

GEN. I don't think we quite understand one another. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan, and you say "orphan". As I understand you, you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

KING. I didn't repeat the word often.

GEN. Pardon me, you did indeed.

KING. I only repeated it once.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

GEN. True, but you repeated it.

KING. But not often.

GEN. Stop: I think I see where we are getting confused. When you said "orphan", did you mean "orphan"—a person who has lost his parents, or "often"—frequently?

KING. Ah! I beg pardon—I see what you mean—frequently.

GEN. Ah! you said often—frequently.

KING. No, only once.

GEN. (*irritated*). Exactly—you said often, frequently, only once.

RECIT.—GENERAL

Oh, men of dark and dismal fate,
Forgo your cruel employ,
Have pity on my lonely state,
I am an orphan boy!

KING *and* SAM.

An orphan boy?

GEN.

An orphan boy!

PIRATES.

How sad—an orphan boy.

SOLO—GENERAL

These children whom you see
Are all that I can call my own!

PIRATES.

Poor fellow!

GEN.

Take them away from me
And I shall be indeed alone.

PIRATES.

Poor fellow!

GEN.

If pity you can feel,
Leave me my sole remaining joy—
See, at your feet they kneel;
Your hearts you cannot steel

Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy!

PIRATES (*sobbing*).

Poor fellow!

See at our feet they kneel;

Our hearts we cannot steel

Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy!

KING.

The orphan boy!

SAM.

The orphan boy!

ALL.

The lonely orphan boy! Poor fellow!

W. S. GILBERT

ENSEMBLE

GENERAL (<i>aside</i>)	GIRLS (<i>aside</i>)	PIRATES (<i>aside</i>)
I'm telling a terrible story,	He's telling a terrible story,	If he's telling a terrible story,
But it doesn't diminish my glory;	Which will tend to diminish his glory;	He shall die by a death that is gory,
For they would have taken my daughters	Though they would have taken his daughters	One of the cruellest slaughters
Over the billowy waters,	Over the billowy waters.	That ever were known in these waters;
GENERAL (<i>aside</i>)	GIRLS (<i>aside</i>)	PIRATES (<i>aside</i>)
If I hadn't, in elegant diction,	It's easy, in elegant diction,	And we'll finish his moral affliction
Indulged in an innocent fiction;	To call it an innocent fiction,	By a very complete malediction,
Which is not in the same category	But it comes in the same category	As a compliment valedictory,
As a regular terrible story.	As a regular terrible story.	If he's telling a terrible story.

KING

Although our dark career
 Sometimes involves the crime of stealing,
 We rather think that we're
 Not altogether void of feeling.
 Although we live by strife,
 We're always sorry to begin it,
 For what, we ask, is life
 Without a touch of Poetry in it?

ALL (*kneeling*)

Hail, Poetry, thou heaven-born maid!
 Thou gildest e'en the pirate's trade:
 Hail, flowing fount of sentiment!
 All hail, Divine Emollient! (*All rise.*)

KING

You may go, for you're at liberty, our pirate rules protect you,
 And honorary members of our band we do elect you.

SAM. For he is an orphan boy.
 CHORUS. He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy.
 GEN. And it sometimes is a useful thing
 To be an orphan boy.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

CHORUS. It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!
Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and married be;
Should it befall auspiciously,
Our sisters all will bridesmaids be!

RUTH *enters and comes down to* FREDERIC.

RUTH. Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!
Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!

CHORUS. Yes, yes, remember Ruth, who kneels before you!

FRED. (*Pirates threaten RUTH.*) Away, you did deceive me!

CHORUS. Away, you did deceive him!

RUTH. Oh, do not leave me!

CHORUS. Oh, do not leave her!

FRED. Away, you grieve me!

CHORUS. Away, you grieve him!

FRED. I wish you'd leave me!

(*FREDERIC casts RUTH from him.*)

CHORUS. We wish you'd leave him!

ENSEMBLE

Pray observe the magnanimity

We }
They } display to lace and dimity!

Never was such opportunity
To get married with impunity,

But { we }
 { they } give up the felicity

Of unbounded domesticity,
Though a doctor of divinity
Resides in this vicinity.

[*Girls and GENERAL go up rocks, while Pirates indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage. The GENERAL produces a British flag, and the PIRATE KING produces a black flag with skull and cross-bones. Enter RUTH, who makes a final appeal to FREDERIC, who casts her from him.*]

END OF ACT I

W. S. GILBERT

ACT TWO

SCENE.—*A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight. Ruined Gothic windows at back. GENERAL STANLEY discovered seated pensively, surrounded by his daughters.*

CHORUS

Oh, dry the glistening tear
That dews that martial cheek;
Thy loving children hear,
In them thy comfort seek.
With sympathetic care
Their arms around thee creep,
For oh, they cannot bear
To see their father weep!

Enter MABEL.

SOLO—MABEL

Dear father, why leave your bed
At this untimely hour,
When happy daylight is dead,
And darksome dangers lower?
See, heaven has lit her lamp,
The midnight hour is past,
The chilly night air is damp,
And the dews are falling fast!
Dear father, why leave your bed
When happy daylight is dead?

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

FREDERIC *enters*.

MABEL. Oh, Frederic, cannot you, in the calm excellence of your wisdom, reconcile it with your conscience to say something that will relieve my father's sorrow?

FRED. I will try, dear Mabel. But why does he sit, night after night, in this draughty old ruin?

GEN. Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates' clutches, I described myself as an orphan, and, heaven help me, I am no orphan! I come here to humble myself before the tombs of my ancestors, and to implore their pardon for having brought dishonour on the family escutcheon.

FRED. But you forget, sir, you only bought the property a year ago, and the stucco in your baronial hall is scarcely dry.

GEN. Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors: you cannot deny that. With the estate, I bought the chapel and its contents. I don't know whose ancestors they *were*, but I know whose ancestors they *are*, and I shudder to think that their descendant by purchase (if I may so describe myself) should have brought disgrace upon what, I have no doubt, was an unstained escutcheon.

FRED. Be comforted. Had you not acted as you did, these reckless men would assuredly have called in the nearest clergyman, and have married your large family on the spot.

GEN. I thank you for your proffered solace, but it is unavailing. I assure you, Frederic, that such is the anguish and remorse I feel at the abominable falsehood by which I escaped these easily deluded pirates, that I would go to their simple-minded chief this very night and confess all, did I not fear that the consequences would be most disastrous to myself. At what time does your expedition march against these scoundrels?

FRED. At eleven, and before midnight I hope to have atoned for my involuntary association with the pestilent scourges by sweeping them from the face of the earth—and then, dear Mabel, you will be mine!

GEN. Are your devoted followers at hand?

FRED. They are, they only wait my orders.

W. S. GILBERT

RECITATIVE—GENERAL

Then, Frederic, let your escort lion-hearted
Be summoned to receive a General's blessing,
Ere they depart upon their dread adventure.
Dear sir, they come.

Enter Police, marching in single file. They form in line, facing audience.

SONG—SERGEANT

When the foeman bares his steel,
Tarantara! tarantara!
We uncomfortable feel,
Tarantara!
And we find the wisest thing,
Tarantara! tarantara!
Is to slap our chests and sing
Tarantara!
For when threatened with emeutes,
Tarantara! tarantara!
And your heart is in your boots,
Tarantara!
There is nothing brings it round,
Tarantara! tarantara!
Like the trumpet's martial sound,
Tarantara! tarantara!

Tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra!

ALL.

Tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra!

MABEL.

Go, ye heroes, go to glory,
Though you die in combat gory,
Ye shall live in song and story.

Go to immortality!

Go to death, and go to slaughter;
Die, and every Cornish daughter
With her tears your grave shall water.

Go, ye heroes, go and die!

ALL.

Go, ye heroes, go and die!

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

POLICE

Though to us it's evident,
Tarantara! tarantara!
These intentions are well meant,
Tarantara!
Such expressions don't appear,
Tarantara! tarantara!
Calculated men to cheer,
Tarantara!
Who are going to meet their fate
In a highly nervous state,
Tarantara!
Still to us it's evident
These intentions are well meant.
Tarantara!

EDITH.
Go and do your best endeavour,
And before all links we sever,
We will say farewell for ever.

GIRLS.
Go to glory and the grave!
For your foes are fierce and ruthless,
False, unmerciful, and truthless.
Young and tender, old and toothless,
All in vain their mercy crave.

SERG.
We observe too great a stress,
On the risks that on us press,
And of reference a lack
To our chance of coming back.
Still, perhaps it would be wise
Not to carp or criticise,
For it's very evident
These attentions are well meant.

ALL.
Yes, to them it's evident
Our attentions are well meant.
Tarantara-ra-ra-ra!
Go, ye heroes, go to glory, etc.

W. S. GILBERT

ENSEMBLE

Chorus of all but Police

Go and do your best endeavour,
And before all links we sever
We will say farewell for ever.
Go to glory and the grave!
For your foes are fierce and ruthless,
False, unmerciful, and truthless.
Young and tender, old and toothless,
All in vain their mercy crave.

Chorus of Police

Such expressions don't appear,
Tarantara, tarantara!
Calculated men to cheer,
Tarantara!
Who are going to their fate,
Tarantara, tarantara!
In a highly nervous state—
Tarantara!
We observe too great a stress,
Tarantara, tarantara!
On the risks that on us press,
Tarantara!
And of reference a lack,
Tarantara, tarantara!
To our chance of coming back.
Tarantara!

GEN. Away, away!

POLICE (*without moving*). Yes, yes, we go.

GEN. These pirates slay.

POLICE. Tarantara!

GEN. Then do not stay.

POLICE. Tarantara!

GEN. Then why this delay?

POLICE. All right—we go.

Yes, forward on the foe!

GEN. Yes, but you *don't* go!

POLICE. We go, we go!

Yes, forward on the foe!

GEN. Yes, but you *don't* go!

ALL. At last they really go.

[MABEL *tears herself from* FREDERIC *and exit, followed by her sisters, consoling her. The GENERAL and others follow. FREDERIC remains.*

RECITATIVE—FREDERIC

Now for the pirates' lair! Oh, joy unbounded!
Oh, sweet relief! Oh, rapture unexampled!

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

At last I may atone, in some slight measure,
For the repeated acts of theft and pillage
Which, at a sense of duty's stern dictation,
I, circumstance's victim, have been guilty.

(KING and RUTH appear at the window, armed.)

KING. Young Frederic! (*Covering him with pistol.*)

FRED. Who calls?

KING. Your late commander!

RUTH. And I, your little Ruth! (*Covering him with pistol.*)

FRED. Oh, mad intruders,

How dare ye face me? Know ye not, oh rash ones,
That I have doomed you to extermination?

(KING and RUTH hold a pistol to each ear.)

KING. Have mercy on us, hear us, ere you slaughter.

FRED. I do not think I ought to listen to you.

Yet, mercy should alloy our stern resentment,
And so I will be merciful—say on!

TRIO—RUTH, KING, and FRED.

RUTH. When you had left our pirate fold
We tried to raise our spirits faint,
According to our customs old,
With quips and quibbles quaint.
But all in vain the quips we heard,
We lay and sobbed upon the rocks,
Until to somebody occurred
A startling paradox.

FRED. A paradox?

KING (*laughing*). A paradox!

RUTH. A most ingenious paradox!
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,
But none to beat this paradox!

KING. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
We knew your taste for curious quips,
For cranks and contradictions queer,
And with the laughter on our lips,
We wished you there to hear.

W. S. GILBERT

We said, "If we could tell it him,
How Frederic would the joke enjoy!"
And so we've risked both life and limb
To tell it to our boy.

FRED. (*interested*). That paradox? That paradox?

KING }
and } (*laughing*). That most ingenious paradox!
RUTH }

We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,
But none to beat that paradox!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

CHANT—KING

For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to be
disloyal,
Some person in authority, I don't know who, very likely the Astronomer
Royal,
Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as February, twenty-
eight days as a rule are plenty,
One year in every four his days shall be reckoned as nine-and-twenty.
Through some singular coincidence—I shouldn't be surprised if it were
owing to the agency of an ill-natured fairy—
You are the victim of this clumsy arrangement, having been born in
leap-year, on the twenty-ninth of February,
And so, by a simple arithmetical process, you'll easily discover,
That though you've lived twenty-one years, yet, if we go by birthdays,
you're only five and a little bit over!

RUTH. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

KING. Ho! ho! ho! ho!

FRED. Dear me!

Let's see! (*counting on fingers*).

Yes, yes; with yours my figures do agree!

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho! (*FREDERIC more
amused than any.*)

FRED. How quaint the ways of Paradox!
At common sense she gaily mocks!
Though counting in the usual way,
Years twenty-one I've been alive,

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Yet, reckoning by my natal day,
I am a little boy of five!
ALL. He is a little boy of five! Ha! ha!
A paradox, a paradox,
A most ingenious paradox!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho! (RUTH and KING
throw themselves back on seats, exhausted with
laughter.)

FRED. Upon my word, this is most curious—most absurdly whimsical.
Five-and-a-quarter! No one would think it to look at me!

RUTH. You are glad now, I'll be bound, that you spared us. You
would never have forgiven yourself when you discovered that you had
killed *two of your comrades*.

FRED. My comrades?

KING (*rises*). I'm afraid you don't appreciate the delicacy of your
position. You were apprenticed to us—

FRED. Until I reached my twenty-first year.

KING. No, until you reached your twenty-first *birthday* (*producing
document*), and, going by birthdays, you are as yet only five-and-a-
quarter.

FRED. You don't mean to say you are going to hold me to that?

KING. No, we merely remind you of the fact, and leave the rest to
your sense of duty.

RUTH. Your sense of duty!

FRED. (*wildly*). Don't put it on that footing! As I was merciful to you
just now, be merciful to me! I implore you not to insist on the letter
of your bond just as the cup of happiness is at my lips!

RUTH. We insist on nothing; we content ourselves with pointing out
to you *your duty*.

KING. Your duty!

FRED. (*after a pause*). Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty,
and my duty is only too clear. I abhor your infamous calling; I shudder
at the thought that I have ever been mixed up with it; but duty is before
all—at any price I will do my duty.

KING. Bravely spoken! Come, you are one of us once more.

FRED. Lead on, I follow. (*Suddenly*.) Oh, horror!

W. S. GILBERT

KING. }
RUTH. } What is the matter?

FRED. Ought I to tell you? No, no, I cannot do it; and yet, as one of your band—

KING. Speak out, I charge you by that sense of conscientiousness to which we have never yet appealed in vain.

FRED. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel—

KING. }
RUTH. } Yes, yes!

FRED. He escaped from you on the plea that he was an orphan!

KING. He did!

FRED. It breaks my heart to betray the honoured father of the girl I adore, but as your apprentice I have no alternative. It is my duty to tell you that General Stanley is no orphan!

KING. }
RUTH. } What!

FRED. More than that, he never was one!

KING. Am I to understand that, to save his contemptible life, he dared to practise on our credulous simplicity? (*FREDERIC nods as he weeps.*) Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night.

FRED. But—stay—

KING. Not a word! He is doomed!

TRIO

KING *and* RUTH

FREDERIC

Away, away! my heart's on fire,
I burn this base deception to re-
pay,
This very night my vengeance dire
Shall glut itself in gore. Away,
away!

Away, away! ere I expire—
I find my duty hard to do to-day!
My heart is filled with anguish dire,
It strikes me to the core. Away,
away!

KING

With falsehood foul
He tricked us of our brides.
Let vengeance howl;
The Pirate so decides.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Our nature stern
He softened with his lies,
And, in return,
To-night the traitor dies.
ALL. Yes, yes! to-night the traitor dies.
RUTH. To-night he dies!
KING. Yes, or early to-morrow.
FRED. His girls likewise?
RUTH. They will welter in sorrow.
KING. The one soft spot
FRED. In their natures they cherish—
RUTH. And all who plot
KING. To abuse it shall perish!
ALL. Yes, all who plot
To abuse it shall perish!
Away, away! etc.

[*Exeunt KING and RUTH.*]

Enter MABEL.

RECIT.—MABEL

All is prepared, your gallant crew await you.
My Frederic in tears? It cannot be
That lion-heart quails at the coming conflict?
FRED. No, Mabel, no. A terrible disclosure
Has just been made! Mabel, my dearly-loved one,
I bound myself to serve the pirate captain
Until I reached my one-and-twentieth birthday—
MABEL. But you *are* twenty-one?
FRED. I've just discovered
That I was born in leap-year, and that birthday
Will not be reached by me till 1940.
MABEL. Oh, horrible! catastrophe appalling!
FRED. And so, farewell!
MABEL. No, no! Ah, Frederic, hear me.

DUET—MABEL *and* FRED.

MABEL. Stay, Frederic, stay!
They have no legal claim,

W. S. GILBERT

No shadow of a shame
Will fall upon thy name.
Stay, Frederic, stay!
Nay, Mabel, nay!
To-night I quit these walls,
The thought my soul appals,
But when stern Duty calls,
I must obey.
Stay, Frederic, stay!
Nay, Mabel, nay!
They have no claim—
But Duty's name!
The thought my soul appals,
But when stern Duty calls,
I must obey.

BALLAD—MABEL

Ah, leave me not to pine
Alone and desolate;
No fate seemed fair as mine,
No happiness so great!
And nature, day by day,
Has sung, in accents clear,
This joyous roundelay,
"He loves thee—he is here.
Fa-la, fa-la, fa-la."

Ah, must I leave thee here
In endless night to dream,
Where joy is dark and drear,
And sorrow all supreme!
Where nature, day by day,
Will sing, in altered tone,
This weary roundelay,
"He loves thee—he is gone.
Fa-la, fa-la, fa-la."

In 1940 I of age shall be,
I'll then return, and claim you—I declare it!

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

MABEL. It seems so long!
FRED. Swear that, till then, you will be true to me.
MABEL. Yes, I'll be strong!
By all the Stanleys dead and gone, I swear it!

ENSEMBLE

Oh, here is love, and here is truth,
And here is food for joyous laughter.

He } will be faithful to { his }
She } { her } sooth
Till we are wed, and even after.

[FREDERIC *rushes to window and leaps out.*]

MABEL (*almost fainting*). No, I am brave! Oh, family descent,
How great thy charm, thy sway how excellent!
Come, one and all, undaunted men in blue,
A crisis, now, affairs are coming to!

Enter Police, marching in single file.

SERG. Though in body and in mind,
Tarantara, tarantara!
We are timidly inclined,
Tarantara!
And anything but blind,
Tarantara, tarantara!
To the danger that's behind,
Tarantara!
Yet, when the danger's near,
Tarantara, tarantara!
We manage to appear,
Tarantara!
As insensible to fear
As anybody here.
Tarantara, tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ral!

MABEL. Sergeant, approach! Young Frederic was to have led you to death and glory.

ALL. That is not a pleasant way of putting it.

MABEL. No matter; he will not so lead you, for he has allied himself once more with his old associates.

ALL. He has acted shamefully!

W. S. GILBERT

MABEL. You speak falsely. You know nothing about it. He has acted nobly.

ALL. He has acted nobly!

MABEL. Dearly as I loved him before, his heroic sacrifice to his sense of duty has endeared him to me tenfold. He has done his duty. I will do mine. Go ye and do yours. [Exit MABEL.]

ALL. Right oh!

SERG. This is perplexing.

ALL. We cannot understand it at all.

SERG. Still, as he is actuated by a sense of duty—

ALL. That makes a difference, of course. At the same time we repeat, we cannot understand it at all.

SERG. No matter; our course is clear. We must do our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to all—but we should have thought of that before we joined the Force.

ALL. We should!

SERG. It is too late now!

ALL. It is!

SONG—SERGEANT

SERG. When a felon's not engaged in his employment—

ALL. His employment,

SERG. Or maturing his felonious little plans—

ALL. Little plans,

SERG. His capacity for innocent enjoyment—

ALL. 'Cent enjoyment

SERG. Is just as great as any honest man's—

ALL. Honest man's.

SERG. Our feelings we with difficulty smother—

ALL. 'Culty smother

SERG. When constabulary duty's to be done—

ALL. To be done.

SERG. Ah, take one consideration with another—

ALL. With another,

SERG. A policeman's lot is not a happy one

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

- ALL. When constabulary duty's to be done—
To be done,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one.
- SERG. When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling—
ALL. Not a-burgling,
SERG. When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime—
ALL. 'Pied in crime,
SERG. He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling—
ALL. Brook a-gurgling,
SERG. And listen to the merry village chime—
ALL. Village chime.
SERG. When the coster's finished jumping on his mother—
ALL. On his mother,
SERG. He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—
ALL. In the sun.
SERG. Ah, take one consideration with another—
ALL. With another,
SERG. The policeman's lot is not a happy one.
ALL. When constabulary duty's to be done—
To be done,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one—
Happy one.



(Chorus of Pirates without, in the distance.)

A rollicking band of pirates we,
Who, tired of tossing on the sea,
Are trying their hand at a burglaree,
With weapons grim and gory.

W. S. GILBERT

SERG. Hush, hush! I hear them on the manor poaching,
With stealthy step the pirates are approaching.

(Chorus of Pirates, resumed nearer.)

We are not coming for plate or gold—
A story General Stanley's told—
We seek a penalty fifty-fold,
For General Stanley's story.

POLICE. They seek a penalty—

PIRATES (*without*). Fifty-fold,

We seek a penalty—

POLICE. Fifty-fold,

ALL. We } seek a penalty fifty-fold,
They }

For General Stanley's story.

SERG. They come in force, with stealthy stride,

Our obvious course is now—to hide.

Police conceal themselves. As they do so, the Pirates are seen appearing at ruined window. They enter cautiously, and come down stage. SAMUEL is laden with burglarious tools and pistols, etc.

CHORUS—PIRATES (*very loud*)

With cat-like tread,
Upon our prey we steal,
In silence dread
Our cautious way we feel.
No sound at all,
We never speak a word,
A fly's foot-fall
Would be distinctly heard—

POLICE (*pianissimo*). Tarantara, tarantara!

PIRATES. So stealthily the pirate creeps,
While all the household soundly sleeps.
Come, friends, who plough the sea,
Truce to navigation,
Take another station;

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Let's vary piracee
With a little burglaree!

POLICE (*pianissimo*). Tarantara, tarantara!

SAM. (*distributing implements to various members of the gang*).

Here's your crowbar and your centrebit,
Your life-preserver—you may want to hit;
Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize,
Take your file and your skeletonic keys.

Enter KING, FREDERIC, *and* RUTH.

ALL (*fortissimo*). With cat-like tread, etc.

RECIT.

FRED. Hush, hush, not a word! I see a light inside.
The Major-General comes, so quickly hide!

PIRATES. Yes, yes, the Major-General comes!

[*Exeunt* KING, FREDERIC, SAMUEL, *and* RUTH.

POLICE. Yes, yes, the Major-General comes!

GEN. (*entering in dressing-gown, carrying a light*).

Yes, yes, the Major-General comes!

SOLO—GENERAL

Tormented with the anguish dread
Of falsehood unatoned,
I lay upon my sleepless bed,
And tossed and turned and groaned.
The man who finds his conscience ache
No peace at all enjoys,
And as I lay in bed awake
I thought I heard a noise.

PIRATES. } He thought he heard a noise—ha! ha!

POLICE. } He thought he heard a noise—ha! ha! (*Very loud*.)

GEN. No, all is still

In dale, on hill;

My mind is set at ease.

So still the scene—

It must have been

The sighing of the breeze.

W. S. GILBERT



BALLAD—GENERAL

Sighing softly to the river
Comes the loving breeze,
Setting nature all a-quiver,
Rustling through the trees—
Through the trees.

ALL.
GEN.

And the brook, in rippling measure,
Laughs for very love,
While the poplars, in their pleasure,
Wave their arms above.

POLICE. }
and
PIRATES. }

Yes, the trees, for very love,
Wave their leafy arms above,
River, river, little river,
May thy loving prosper ever.
Heaven speed thee, poplar tree,
May thy wooing happy be.

GEN.

Yet, the breeze is but a rover;
When he wings away,
Brook and poplar mourn a lover!
Sighing well-a-day!

ALL.
GEN.

Well-a-day!
Ah! the doing and undoing,
That the rogue could tell!
When the breeze is out a-wooing,
Who can woo so well?

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

POLICE. } Shocking tales the rogue could tell,
and } Nobody can woo so well.
PIRATES. } Pretty brook, thy dream is over,
For thy love is but a rover!
Sad the lot of poplar trees,
Courtied by the fickle breeze!



Enter the GENERAL'S daughters, all in white peignoirs and night-caps, and carrying lighted candles.

GIRLS. Now what is this, and what is that, and why does father leave
his rest
At such a time of night as this, so very incompletely dressed?
Dear father is, and always was, the most methodical of men!
It's his invariable rule to go to bed at half-past ten.
What strange occurrence can it be that calls dear father from
his rest
At such a time of night as this, so very incompletely dressed?

Enter KING, SAMUEL, and FREDERIC.

KING. Forward, my men, and seize that General there!

(They seize the GENERAL.)

GIRLS. The pirates! the pirates! Oh, despair!
PIRATES. Yes, we're the pirates, so despair!
GEN. Frederic here! Oh, joy! Oh, rapture!
Summon your men and effect their capture!
MABEL. Frederic, save us!
FRED. Beautiful Mabel,
I would if I could, but I am not able.
PIRATES. He's telling the truth, he is not able.

W. S. GILBERT

KING. With base deceit
You worked upon our feelings!
Revenge is sweet,
And flavours all our dealings!
With courage rare
And resolution manly,
For death prepare,
Unhappy General Stanley.



MABEL (*wildly*). Is he to die, unshriven—unannealed?
GIRLS. Oh, spare him!
MABEL. Will no one in his cause a weapon wield?
GIRLS. Oh, spare him!
POLICE (*springing up*). Yes, we are here, though hitherto concealed!
GIRLS. Oh, rapture!
POLICE. So to Constabulary, pirates, yield!
GIRLS. Oh, rapture!

(A struggle ensues between Pirates and Police. Eventually the Police are overcome, and fall prostrate, the Pirates standing over them with drawn swords.)

CHORUS OF POLICE AND PIRATES

You } triumph now, for well we trow
We }
Our mortal career's cut short,

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

No pirate band will take its stand
At the Central Criminal Court.

SERG. To gain a brief advantage you've contrived,
But your proud triumph will not be long-lived.
KING. Don't say you are orphans, for we know that game.
SERG. On your allegiance we've a stronger claim—
We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria's name!
KING (*baffled*). You do!

POLICE. We do!
We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria's name!
(*Pirates kneel, Police stand over them triumphantly.*)

KING. We yield at once, with humbled mien,
Because, with all our faults, we love our Queen.
POLICE. Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen.
GIRLS. Yes, yes, with all, etc.

(*Police, holding Pirates by the collar, take out handkerchiefs and weep.*)

GEN. Away with them, and place them at the bar!

Enter RUTH.

RUTH. One moment! let me tell you who they are.
They are no members of the common throng;
They are all noblemen who have gone wrong!
GEN. No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers.

RECIT.—GENERAL

I pray you, pardon me, ex-Pirate King,
Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling.
Resume your ranks and legislative duties,
And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties.

FINALE

Poor wandering ones!
Though ye have surely strayed,
Take heart of grace,
Your steps retrace,
Poor wandering ones!

W. S. GILBERT

Poor wandering ones!
If such poor love as ours
Can help you find
True peace of mind,
Why, take it, it is yours!
Poor wandering ones! etc.

CURTAIN



The Mikado
OR
THE TOWN OF TITIPU



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

NANKI-POO (*his Son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with YUM-YUM*).

KO-KO (*Lord High Executioner of Titipu*).

POOH-BAH (*Lord High Everything Else*).

PISH-TUSH (*a Noble Lord*).

GO-TO (*a Man of Few Words*).

YUM-YUM
PITTI-SING } *Three Sisters—Wards of KO-KO.*
PEEP-BO }

KATISHA (*an elderly Lady, in love with NANKI-POO*).

Chorus of School-girls, Nobles, Guards, and Coolies.

ACT. I.—Courtyard of Ko-Ko's Official Residence.

ACT II.—Ko-Ko's Garden.

First produced at the Savoy Theatre on March 14, 1885.

The Mikado

OR

THE TOWN OF TITIPU



ACT ONE

SCENE.—*Courtyard of Ko-Ko's Palace in Titipu. Japanese nobles discovered standing and sitting in attitudes suggested by native drawings.*

CHORUS OF NOBLES

If you want to know who we are,
We are gentlemen of Japan:
On many a vase and jar—
On many a screen and fan,
We figure in lively paint:
Our attitude's queer and quaint—
You're wrong if you think it ain't, oh!

If you think we are worked by strings,
Like a Japanese marionette,
You don't understand these things:
It is simply Court etiquette.
Perhaps you suppose this throng
Can't keep it up all day long?
If that's your idea, you're wrong, oh!

Enter NANKI-POO in great excitement. He carries a native guitar on his back and a bundle of ballads in his hand.

RECIT.—NANKI-POO

Gentlemen, I pray you tell me
Where a gentle maiden dwelleth,

W. S. GILBERT

A NOBLE.
NANK.

Named Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-Ko?
In pity speak—oh, speak, I pray you!
Why, who are you who ask this question?
Come gather round me, and I'll tell you.

SONG AND CHORUS—NANKI-POO

A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!

My catalogue is long,
Through every passion ranging,
And to your humours changing
I tune my supple song!



Are you in sentimental mood?
I'll sigh with you,
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!
On maiden's coldness do you brood?
I'll do so, too—
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!
I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lovers' fears,
While sympathetic tears
My cheeks bedew—
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!

THE MIKADO

But if patriotic sentiment is wanted,
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;
For where'er our country's banner may be planted,
All other local banners are defied!
Our warriors, in serried ranks assembled,
Never quail—or they conceal it if they do—
And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops of Titipu!



CHORUS. We shouldn't be surprised, etc.

NANK. And if you call for a song of the sea,
We'll heave the capstan round,
With a yo heave ho, for the wind is free,
Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's a-lee,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

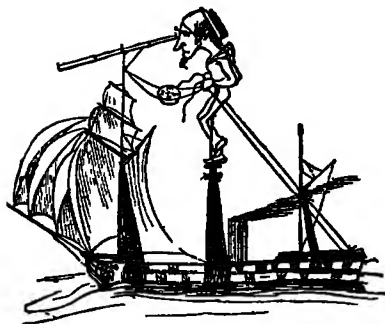
CHORUS. Yo-ho—heave ho—
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

To lay aloft in a howling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste,
But the happiest hour a sailor sees
Is when he's down
At an inland town,
With his Nancy on his knees, yo ho!
And his arm around her waist!

W. S. GILBERT

CHORUS.

Then man the capstan—off we go,
As the fiddler swings us round,
With a yo heave ho,
And a rumbelow,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!



A wandering minstrel I, etc.

Enter PISH-TUSH.

PISH. And what may be your business with Yum-Yum?

NANK. I'll tell you. A year ago I was a member of the Titipu town band. It was my duty to take the cap round for contributions. While discharging this delicate office, I saw Yum-Yum. We loved each other at once, but she was betrothed to her guardian Ko-Ko, a cheap tailor, and I saw that my suit was hopeless. Overwhelmed with despair, I quitted the town. Judge of my delight when I heard, a month ago, that Ko-Ko had been condemned to death for flirting! I hurried back at once, in the hope of finding Yum-Yum at liberty to listen to my protestations.

PISH. It is true that Ko-Ko was condemned to death for flirting, but he was reprieved at the last moment, and raised to the exalted rank of Lord High Executioner under the following remarkable circumstances:

SONG—PISH-TUSH *and* CHORUS

Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
When he to rule our land began,

THE MIKADO

Resolved to try
A plan whereby
Young men might best be steadied.
So he decreed, in words succinct,
That all who flirted, leered or winked
(Unless connubially linked),
Should forthwith be beheaded.

And I expect you'll all agree
That he was right to so decree.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right as right can be!

CHORUS.

And you are right,
And we are right, etc.

This stern decree, you'll understand,
Caused great dismay throughout the land!
For young and old
And shy and bold
Were equally affected.
The youth who winked a roving eye,
Or breathed a non-connubial sigh,
Was thereupon condemned to die—
He usually objected.

And you'll allow, as I expect,
That he was right to so object.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And everything is quite correct!

CHORUS.

And you are right,
And we are right, etc.

And so we straight let out on bail
A convict from the county jail,
Whose head was next
On some pretext

W. S. GILBERT

Condemned to be mown off,
And made *him* Headsman, for we said,
"Who's next to be decapited
Cannot cut off another's head
Until he's cut his own off."

And we are right, I think you'll say,
To argue in this kind of way;
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right—too-looral-lay!

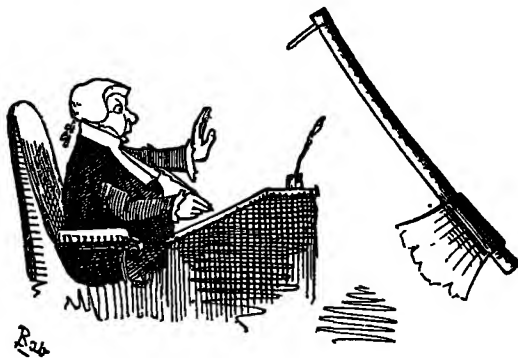
CHORUS.

And you are right,
And we are right, etc.

[*Exeunt* CHORUS.]

Enter POOH-BAH.

NANK. Ko-Ko, the cheap tailor, Lord High Executioner of Titipu!
Why, that's the highest rank a citizen can attain!



POOH. It is. Our logical Mikado, seeing no moral difference between the dignified judge who condemns a criminal to die, and the industrious mechanic who carries out the sentence, has rolled the two offices into one, and every judge is now his own executioner.

NANK. But how good of you (for I see that you are a nobleman of the highest rank) to condescend to tell all this to me, a mere strolling minstrel!

THE MIKADO

POOH. Don't mention it. I am, in point of fact, a particularly haughty and exclusive person, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent. You will understand this when I tell you that I can trace my ancestry back to a proto-plasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently, my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering. But I struggle hard to overcome this defect. I mortify my pride continually. When all the great officers of State resigned in a body, because they were too proud to serve under an ex-tailor, did I not unhesitatingly accept all their posts at once?

PISH. And the salaries attached to them? You did.

POOH. It is consequently my degrading duty to serve this upstart as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, Lord High Admiral, Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Back Stairs, Archbishop of Titipu, and Lord Mayor, both acting and elect, all rolled into one. And at a salary! A Pooh-Bah paid for his services! I a salaried minion! But I do it! It revolts me, but I do it!

NANK. And it does you credit.

POOH. But I don't stop at that. I go and dine with middle-class people on reasonable terms. I dance at cheap suburban parties for a moderate fee. I accept refreshment at any hands, however lowly. I also retail State secrets at a very low figure. For instance, any further information about Yum-Yum would come under the head of a State secret. (NANKI-POO *takes the hint, and gives him money.*) (*Aside.*) Another insult, and, I think, a light one!

SONG—POOH-BAH *with* NANKI-POO *and* PISH-TUSH.

Young man, despair,
Likewise go to,
Yum-Yum the fair
You must not woo.
It will not do:
I'm sorry for you,
You very imperfect ablutioner!
This very day
From school Yum-Yum
Will wend her way,
And homeward come,

W. S. GILBERT

With beat of drum
And a rum-tum-tum,
To wed the Lord High Executioner!
And the brass will crash,
And the trumpets bray,
And they'll cut a dash
On their wedding day.
She'll toddle away, as all aver,
With the Lord High Executioner!

NANK. *and* POOH. And the brass will crash, etc.

It's a hopeless case,
As you may see,
And in your place
Away I'd flee;
But don't blame me—
I'm sorry to be
Of your pleasure a diminutioner.
They'll vow their pact
Extremely soon,
In point of fact
This afternoon.
Her honeymoon
With that buffoon
At seven commences, so *you* shun her!

ALL. And the brass will crash, etc.

[*Exit* PISH-TUSH.]

RECIT.—NANKI-POO *and* POOH-BAH

NANK. And I have journeyed for a month, or nearly,
To learn that Yum-Yum, whom I love so dearly,
This day to Ko-Ko is to be united!

POOH. The fact appears to be as you've recited:
But here he comes, equipped as suits his station;
He'll give you any further information.

[*Excunt* POOH-BAH *and* NANKI-POO.]

THE MIKADO

Enter CHORUS OF NOBLES.

Behold the Lord High Executioner!
A personage of noble rank and title—
A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly vital!
Defer, defer,
To the Lord High Executioner!

Enter KO-KO *attended*.

SOLO—KO-KO

Taken from the county jail
By a set of curious chances;
Liberated then on bail,
On my own recognizances;
Wafted by a favouring gale
As one sometimes is in trances,
To a height that few can scale,
Save by long and weary dances;
Surely, never had a male
Under such like circumstances
So adventurous a tale,
Which may rank with most romances.

CHORUS.

Defer, defer,
To the Lord High Executioner, etc.

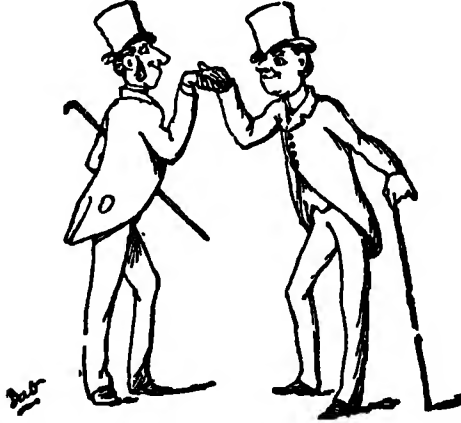
KO. Gentlemen, I'm much touched by this reception. I can only trust that by strict attention to duty I shall ensure a continuance of those favours which it will ever be my study to deserve. If I should ever be called upon to act professionally, I am happy to think that there will be no difficulty in finding plenty of people whose loss will be a distinct gain to society at large.

SONG—KO-KO *with* CHORUS OF MEN.

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of society offenders who might well be underground,

W. S. GILBERT

And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!
There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs—
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs—
All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat—
All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like *that*—



And all third persons who on spoiling *tête-à-têtes* insist—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed.

CHORUS. He's got 'em on the list—he's got 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed.



THE MIKADO

There's the nigger serenader, and the others of his race,
And the piano-organist—I've got him on the list!
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,
They never would be missed—they never would be missed!
Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this, and every country but his own;
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
And who "doesn't think she waltzes, but would rather like to try";
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist—
I don't think she'd be missed—I'm *sure* she'd not be missed!

CHORUS. He's got her on the list—he's got her on the list;
And I don't think she'll be missed—I'm *sure* she'll not be missed!



And that *Nisi Prius* nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
The Judicial humorist—I've got *him* on the list!
All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!
And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind,
Such as—What d'ye call him—Thing'em-bob, and likewise—Never-mind,
And 'St—'st—'st—and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who—
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to *you*.
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,
For they'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS. You may put 'em on the list—you may put 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed!

W. S. GILBERT

Enter POOH-BAH.

ко. Pooh-Bah, it seems that the festivities in connection with my approaching marriage must last a week. I should like to do it handsomely, and I want to consult you as to the amount I ought to spend upon them.

поон. Certainly. In which of my capacities? As First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Purse, or Private Secretary?

ко. Suppose we say as Private Secretary.

поон. Speaking as your Private Secretary, I should say that, as the city will have to pay for it, don't stint yourself, do it well.

ко. Exactly—as the city will have to pay for it. That is your advice.

поон. As Private Secretary. Of course you will understand that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I am bound to see that due economy is observed.

ко. Oh! But you said just now "Don't stint yourself, do it well."

поон. As Private Secretary.

ко. And now you say that due economy must be observed.

поон. As Chancellor of the Exchequer.

ко. I see. Come over here, where the Chancellor can't hear us. (*They cross the stage.*) Now, as my Solicitor, how do you advise me to deal with this difficulty?

поон. Oh, as your Solicitor, I should have no hesitation in saying "Chance it——"

ко. Thank you. (*Shaking his hand.*) I will.

поон. If it were not that, as Lord Chief Justice, I am bound to see that the law isn't violated.

ко. I see. Come over here where the Chief Justice can't hear us. (*They cross the stage.*) Now, then, as First Lord of the Treasury?

поон. Of course, as First Lord of the Treasury, I could propose a special vote that would cover all expenses, if it were not that, as Leader of the Opposition, it would be my duty to resist it, tooth and nail. Or, as Paymaster-General, I could so cook the accounts that, as Lord High Auditor, I should never discover the fraud. But then, as Archbishop of Titipu, it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty and give myself into my own custody as First Commissioner of Police.

THE MIKADO

KO. That's extremely awkward.

POOH. I don't say that all these distinguished people couldn't be squared, but it is right to tell you that they wouldn't be sufficiently degraded in their own estimation unless they were insulted with a very considerable bribe.

KO. The matter shall have my careful consideration. But my bride and her sisters approach, and any little compliment on your part, such as an abject grovel in a characteristic Japanese attitude, would be esteemed a favour
[*Exeunt together.*]

Enter procession of YUM-YUM's schoolfellows, heralding YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, and PITTI-SING.

CHORUS OF GIRLS

Comes a train of little ladies
From scholastic trammels free,
Each a little bit afraid is,
Wondering what the world can be!



Is it but a world of trouble—
Sadness set to song?
Is its beauty but a bubble
Bound to break ere long?

Are its palaces and pleasures
Fantasies that fade?

W. S. GILBERT

And the glory of its treasures
Shadow of a shade?

Schoolgirls we, eighteen and under,
From scholastic trammels free,
And we wonder—how we wonder!—
What on earth the world can be!

TRIO

YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, and PITTI-SING, *with* CHORUS OF GIRLS.

THE THREE. Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a school-girl well can be,
Filled to the brim with girlish glee,
Three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM. Everything is a source of fun. (*Chuck!e.*)

PEEP-BO. Nobody's safe, for we care for none! (*Chuck!e.*)

PITTI-SING. Life is a joke that's just begun! (*Chuck!e.*)

THE THREE. Three little maids from school!

ALL (*dancing*). Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—

THE THREE (*suddenly demure*).

Three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM. One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum—

PEEP-BO. Two little maids in attendance come—

PITTI-SING. Three little maids is the total sum.

THE THREE. Three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM. From three little maids take one away.

PEEP-BO. Two little maids remain, and they—

PITTI-SING. Won't have to wait very long, they say—

THE THREE. Three little maids from school!

ALL (*dancing*). Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—

THE THREE (*suddenly demure*).

Three little maids from school!

THE MIKADO

Enter KO-KO and POOH-BAH.

KO. At last, my bride that is to be! (*About to embrace her.*)

YUM. You're not going to kiss me before all these people?

KO. Well, that was the idea.

YUM (*aside to Peep-Bo*). It seems odd, doesn't it?

PEEP. It's rather peculiar.

PITTI. Oh, I expect it's all right. Must have a beginning, you know.

YUM. Well, of course I know nothing about these things; but I've no objection if it's usual.

KO. Oh, it's quite usual, I think. Eh, Lord Chamberlain? (*Appealing to POOH-BAH.*)

POOH. I have known it done. (*KO-KO embraces her.*)

YUM. Thank goodness that's over! (*Sees NANKI-POO, and rushes to him.*) Why, that's never you? (*The Three Girls rush to him and shake his hands, all speaking at once.*)

YUM. Oh, I'm so glad! I haven't seen you for ever so long, and I'm right at the top of the school, and I've got three prizes, and I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

PEEP. And have you got an engagement?—Yum-Yum's got one, but she doesn't like it, and she'd ever so much rather it was you! I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

PITTI. Now tell us all the news. because you go about everywhere, and we've been at school, but, thank goodness, that's all over now, and we've come home for good, and we're not going back any more!

(These three speeches are spoken together in one breath.)

KO. I beg your pardon. Will you present me?

YUM. { Oh, this is the musician who used—

PEEP. { Oh, this is the gentleman who used—

PITTI. { Oh, it is only Nanki-Poo who used—

KO. One at a time, if you please.

YUM. Oh, if you please he's the gentleman who used to play so beautifully on the—on the—

PITTI. On the Marine Parade.

W. S. GILBERT

YUM. Yes, I think that was the name of the instrument.

NANK. Sir, I have the misfortune to love your ward, Yum-Yum—oh, I know I deserve your anger!

KO. Anger! not a bit, my boy. Why, I love her myself. Charming little girl, isn't she? Pretty eyes, nice hair. Taking little thing, altogether. Very glad to hear my opinion backed by a competent authority. Thank you very much. Good-bye. (*To PISH-TUSH.*) Take him away. (*PISH-TUSH removes him.*)

PITTI (*who has been examining POOH-BAH*). I beg your pardon, but what is this? Customer come to try on?

KO. That is a Tremendous Swell.

PITTI. Oh, it's alive. (*She starts back in alarm.*)

POOH. Go away, little girls. Can't talk to little girls like you. Go away, there's dears.

KO. Allow me to present you, Pooh-Bah. These are my three wards. The one in the middle is my bride elect.

POOH. What do you want me to do to them? Mind, I *will not* kiss them.

KO. No, no, you shan't kiss them; a little bow—a mere nothing—you needn't mean it, you know.

POOH. It goes against the grain. They are not young ladies, they are young persons.

KO. Come, come, make an effort, there's a good nobleman.

POOH. (*aside to KO-KO*). Well, I shan't mean it. (*With a great effort.*) How de do, little girls, how de do? (*Aside.*) Oh, my protoplasmal ancestor!

KO. That's very good. (*Girls indulge in suppressed laughter.*)

POOH. I see nothing to laugh at. It is very painful to me to have to say "How de do, little girls, how de do?" to young persons. I'm not in the habit of saying "How de do, little girls, how de do?" to anybody under the rank of a Stockbroker.

KO. (*aside to girls*). Don't laugh at him, he can't help it—he's under treatment for it. (*Aside to POOH-BAH.*) Never mind them, they don't understand the delicacy of your position.

POOH. We know how delicate it is, don't we?

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KO. I should think we did! How a nobleman of your importance can do it at all is a thing I never can, never shall understand.

[KO-KO retires up and goes off.]

QUARTET AND CHORUS OF GIRLS.

YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, PITTI-SING, and POOH-BAH.

YUM., PEEP.
and PITTI. So please you, Sir, we much regret
 If we have failed in etiquette
 Towards a man of rank so high—
 We shall know better by and by.
YUM. But youth, of course, must have its fling,
 So pardon us,
 So pardon us,
PITTI. And don't, in girlhood's happy spring,
 Be hard on us,
 Be hard on us,
 If we're inclined to dance and sing.
 Tra la la, etc. (*Dancing.*)
CHORUS OF GIRLS. But youth, of course, etc.
POOH. I think you ought to recollect
 You cannot show too much respect
 Towards the highly titled few;
 But nobody does, and why should you?
 That youth at us should have its fling,
 Is hard on us,
 Is hard on us;
 To our prerogative we cling—
 So pardon us,
 So pardon us,
 If we decline to dance and sing.
 Tra la la, etc. (*Dancing.*)
CHORUS OF GIRLS. But youth, of course, must have its fling, etc.

[*Exeunt all but YUM-YUM.*]

Enter NANKI-POO.

NANK. Yum-Yum, at last we are alone! I have sought you night and day for three weeks, in the belief that your guardian was beheaded, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

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YUM. Alas, yes!

NANK. But you do not love him?

YUM. Alas, no!

NANK. Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?

YUM. What good would that do? He's my guardian, and he wouldn't let me marry you!

NANK. But I would wait until you were of age!

YUM. You forget that in Japan girls do not arrive at years of discretion until they are fifty.

NANK. True; from seventeen to forty-nine are considered years of indiscretion.

YUM. Besides—a wandering minstrel, who plays a wind instrument outside tea-houses, is hardly a fitting husband for the ward of a Lord High Executioner.

NANK. But— (*Aside.*) Shall I tell her? Yes! She will not betray me! (*Aloud.*) What if it should prove that, after all, I am no musician?

YUM. There! I was certain of it, directly I heard you play!

NANK. What if it should prove that I am no other than the son of his Majesty the Mikado?

YUM. The son of the Mikado! But why is your Highness disguised? And what has your Highness done? And will your Highness promise never to do it again?

NANK. Some years ago I had the misfortune to captivate Katisha, an elderly lady of my father's Court. She misconstrued my customary affability into expressions of affection, and claimed me in marriage, under my father's law. My father, the Lucius Junius Brutus of his race, ordered me to marry her within a week, or perish ignominiously on the scaffold. That night I fled his Court, and, assuming the disguise of a Second Trombone, I joined the band in which you found me when I had the happiness of seeing you! (*Approaching her.*)

YUM (*retreating*). If you please, I think your Highness had better not come too near. The laws against flirting are excessively severe.

NANK. But we are quite alone, and nobody can see us.

YUM. Still, that doesn't make it right. To flirt is capital.

NANK. It *is* capital!

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YUM. And we must obey the law.

NANK. Deuce take the law!

YUM. I wish it would, but it won't!

NANK. If it were not for that, how happy we might be!

YUM. Happy indeed!

NANK. If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that. (*Sits by her.*)

YUM. Instead of being obliged to sit half a mile off, like that. (*Crosses and sits at other side of stage.*)

NANK. We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that. (*Gazing at her sentimentally.*)

YUM. Breathing sighs of unutterable love—like that. (*Sighing and gazing lovingly at him.*)

NANK. With our arms round each other's waists, like that. (*Embracing her.*)

YUM. Yes, if it wasn't for the law.

NANK. If it wasn't for the law.

YUM. As it is, of course we couldn't do anything of the kind.

NANK. Not for worlds!

YUM. Being engaged to Ko-Ko, you know!

NANK. Being engaged to Ko-Ko!

DUET—YUM-YUM and NANKI-POO

NANK. Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted,

I would say in tender tone,

"Loved one, let us be united—

Let us be each other's own!"

I would merge all rank and station,

Worldly sneers are nought to us,

And, to mark my admiration,

I would kiss you fondly thus—

(*Kisses her.*)

BOTH.

I } would kiss { you }
He } { me } fondly thus—

(*Kiss.*)

YUM.

But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko,
To embrace you thus, *con fuoco*,
Would distinctly be no *giuoco*,
And for yam I should get toko—

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BOTH. Toko, toko, toko, toko!

NANK. So, in spite of all temptation,
 Such a theme I'll not discuss,
 And on no consideration
 Will I kiss you fondly thus— (Kissing her.)
 Let me make it clear to you,
 This is what I'll never do!
 This, oh, this, oh, this, oh, this— (Kissing her.)

TOGETHER. This, oh, this, etc.

[Exeunt in opposite directions.]

Enter KO-KO.

KO. (*looking after YUM-YUM*). There she goes! To think how entirely my future happiness is wrapped up in that little parcel! Really, it hardly seems worth while! Oh, matrimony!— (*Enter POOH-BAH and PISH-RUSH.*) Now then, what is it? Can't you see I'm soliloquizing? You have interrupted an apostrophe, sir!

PISH. I am the bearer of a letter from his Majesty the Mikado.

KO. (*taking it from him reverentially*). A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me? (*Reads letter.*) Ah, here it is at last! I thought it would come sooner or later! The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in Titipu for a year, and decrees that unless somebody is beheaded within one month the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the city reduced to the rank of a village!

PISH. But that will involve us all in irretrievable ruin!

KO. Yes. There is no help for it, I shall have to execute somebody at once. The only question is, who shall it be?

POOH. Well, it seems unkind to say so, but as you're already under sentence of death for flirting, everything seems to point to *you*.

KO. To me? What are you talking about? I can't execute myself.

POOH. Why not?

KO. Why not? Because, in the first place, self-decapitation is an

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extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to attempt; and, in the second, it's suicide, and suicide is a capital offence.

POOH. That is so, no doubt.

PISH. We might reserve that point.

POOH. True, it could be argued six months hence, before the full Court.

KO. Besides, I don't see how a man *can* cut off his own head.

POOH. A man might try.

PISH. Even if you only succeeded in cutting it half off, that would be something.

POOH. It would be taken as an earnest of your desire to comply with the Imperial will.

KO. No. Pardon me, but there I am adamant. As official Headsman, my reputation is at stake, and I can't consent to embark on a professional operation unless I see my way to a successful result.

POOH. This professional conscientiousness is highly creditable to *you*, but it places us in a very awkward position.

KO. My good sir, the awkwardness of your position is grace itself compared with that of a man engaged in the act of cutting off his own head.

PISH. I am afraid that, unless you can obtain a substitute—

KO. A substitute? Oh, certainly—nothing easier. (*To POOH-BAH.*) Pooh-Bah, I appoint you Lord High Substitute.

POOH. I should be delighted. Such an appointment would realize my fondest dreams. But no, at any sacrifice, I must set bounds to my insatiable ambition!

TRIO

KO-KO

My brain it teems
With endless schemes
Both good and new
For Titipu;
But if I flit,
The benefit
That I'd diffuse
The town would lose!
Now every man
To aid his clan
Should plot and plan

POOH-BAH

I am so proud,
If I allowed
My family pride
To be my guide,
I'd volunteer
To quit this sphere
Instead of you,
In a minute or two.
But family pride
Must be denied,
And set aside,

PISH-TUSH

I heard one day
A gentleman say
That criminals who
Are cut in two
Can hardly feel
The fatal steel,
And so are slain
Without much pain.
If this is true,
It's jolly for you;
Your courage screw

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TRIO (*Continued*)

KO-KO	POOH-BAH	PISH-TUSH
As best he can, And so, Although I'm ready to go, Yet recollect 'Twere disrespect Did I neglect To thus effect This aim direct, So I object— So I object— So I object—	And mortified. And so, Although I wish to go, And greatly pine To brightly shine, And take the line Of a hero fine, With grief condign I must decline— I must decline— I must decline—	To bid us adieu, And go And show Both friend and foe How much you dare. I'm quite aware It's your affair, Yet I declare I'd take your share, But I don't much care I don't much care— I don't much care—

ALL. To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock,
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block!

[*Exeunt POOH. and PISH.*]

KO. This is simply appalling! I, who allowed myself to be respited at the last moment, simply in order to benefit my native town, am now required to die within a month, and that by a man whom I have loaded with honours! Is this public gratitude? Is this— (*Enter NANKI-POO, with a rope in his hands.*) Go away, sir! How dare you? Am I never to be permitted to soliloquize?

NANK. Oh, go on—don't mind me.

KO. What are you going to do with that rope?

NANK. I am about to terminate an unendurable existence.

KO. Terminate your existence? Oh, nonsense! What for?

NANK. Because you are going to marry the girl I adore.

KO. Nonsense, sir. I won't permit it. I am a humane man, and if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest. Come, sir, desist at once or I summon my guard.

NANK. That's absurd. If you attempt to raise an alarm, I instantly perform the Happy Despatch with this dagger.

KO. No, no, don't do that. This is horrible! (*Suddenly.*) Why, you cold-blooded scoundrel, are you aware that, in taking your life, you are

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committing a crime which—which—which is—— Oh! (*Struck by an idea.*) Substitute!

NANK. What's the matter?

KO. Is it *absolutely certain* that you are resolved to die?

NANK. Absolutely!

KO. Will *nothing* shake your resolution?

NANK. Nothing.

KO. Threats, entreaties, prayers—all useless?

NANK. All! My mind is made up.

KO. Then, if you really mean what you say, and if you are absolutely resolved to die, and if nothing whatever will shake your determination—don't spoil yourself by committing suicide, but be beheaded handsomely at the hands of the Public Executioner!

NANK. I don't see how that would benefit me.

KO. You don't? Observe: you'll have a month to live, and you'll live like a fighting-cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremonial—you'll be the central figure—no one will attempt to deprive you of that distinction. There'll be a procession—bands—dead march—bells tolling—all the girls in tears—Yum-Yum distracted—then, when it's all over, general rejoicings, and a display of fireworks in the evening. *You* won't see them, but they'll be there all the same.

NANK. Do you think Yum-Yum would really be distracted at my death?

KO. I am convinced of it. Bless you, she's the most tender-hearted little creature alive.

NANK. I should be sorry to cause her pain. Perhaps, after all, if I were to withdraw from Japan, and travel in Europe for a couple of years, I might contrive to forget her.

KO. Oh, I don't think you could forget Yum-Yum so easily; and, after all, what is more miserable than a love-blighted life?

NANK. True.

KO. Life without Yum-Yum—why, it seems absurd!

NANK. And yet there are a good many people in the world who have to endure it.

KO. Poor devils, yes! You are quite right not to be of their number.

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NANK. (*suddenly*). I *won't* be of their number!

KO. Noble fellow!

NANK. I'll tell you how we'll manage it. Let me marry Yum-Yum to-morrow, and in a month you may behead me.

KO. No, no. I draw the line at Yum-Yum.

NANK. Very good. If you can draw the line, so can I. (*Preparing rope.*)

KO. Stop, stop—listen one moment—be reasonable. How can I consent to your marrying Yum-Yum if I'm going to marry her myself?

NANK. My good friend, she'll be a widow in a month, and you can marry her then.

KO. That's true, of course. I quite see that. But, dear me! my position during the next month will be most unpleasant—most unpleasant.

NANK. Not half so unpleasant as my position at the end of it.

KO. But—dear me!—well—I agree—after all, it's only putting off my wedding for a month. But you won't prejudice her against me, will you? You see, I've educated her to be my wife; she's been taught to regard me as a wise and good man. Now I shouldn't like her views on that point disturbed.

NANK. Trust me, she shall never learn the truth from me.

FINALE

Enter CHORUS, POOH-BAH, and PISH-TUSH.

CHORUS

With aspect stern
And gloomy stride,
We come to learn
How you decide.

Don't hesitate
Your choice to name,
A dreadful fate
You'll suffer all the same.

THE MIKADO

POOH. To ask you what you mean to do we punctually appear.
KO. Congratulate me, gentlemen, I've found a Volunteer!
ALL. The Japanese equivalent for Hear, Hear, Hear!

KO. (*presenting him*). 'Tis Nanki-Poo!
ALL. Hail, Nanki-Poo!
KO. I think he'll do?
ALL. Yes, yes, he'll do!
KO. He yields his life if I'll Yum-Yum surrender.
Now I adore that girl with passion tender,
And could not yield her with a ready will,
Or her allot,
If I did not
Adore myself with passion tenderer still!

Enter YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, and PITTI-SING.

ALL. Ah, yes!
He loves himself with passion tenderer still!
KO. (*to NANKI-POO*). Take her—she's yours!

[*Exit KO-KO*]

ENSEMBLE

NANKI-POO. The threatened cloud has passed away,
YUM-YUM. And brightly shines the dawning day;
NANKI-POO. What though the night may come too soon,
YUM-YUM. There's yet a month of afternoon!

NANKI-POO, POOH-BAH, YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING, *and* PEEP-BO.

Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song
And merry dance,

CHORUS. With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our brief career!

PITTI-SING. A day, a week, a month, a year——
YUM. Or far or near, or far or near,

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POOH. Life's eventime comes much too soon,
PITTI-SING. You'll live at least a honeymoon!

ALL. Then let the throng, etc.

CHORUS. With joyous shout, etc.

SOLO—POOH-BAH

As in a month you've got to die,
If Ko-Ko tells us true,
'Twere empty compliment to cry
"Long life to Nanki-Poo!"
But as one month you have to live
As fellow-citizen,
This toast with three times three we'll give—
"Long life to you—till then!"

[*Exit* POOH-BAH.

CHORUS. May all good fortune prosper you,
May you have health and riches too,
May you succeed in all you do!
Long life to you—till then!

(*Dance.*)

Enter KATISHA *melodramatically.*

KAT. Your revels cease! Assist me, all of you!

CHORUS. Why, who is this whose evil eyes
Rain blight on our festivities?

KAT. I claim my perjured lover, Nanki-Poo!
Oh, fool! to shun delights that never cloy!

CHORUS. Go, leave thy deadly work undone!

KAT. Come back, oh, shallow fool! come back to joy!

CHORUS. Away, away! ill-favoured one!

NANK. (*aside to YUM-YUM.*) Ah!

'Tis Katisha!

The maid of whom I told you. (*About to go.*)

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KAT. (*detaining him*). No!
You shall not go,
These arms shall thus enfold you!

SONG—KATISHA

KAT. (*addressing NANKI-POO*).
Oh fool, that fleest
My hallowed joys!
Oh blind, that seest
No equipoise!
Oh rash, that judgest
From half, the whole!
Oh base, that grudgest
Love's lightest dole!
Thy heart unbind,
Oh fool, oh blind!
Give me my place,
Oh rash, oh base!

CHORUS. If she's thy bride, restore her place,
Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base!

KAT. (*addressing YUM-YUM*).
Pink cheek, that rulest
Where wisdom serves!
Bright eye, that foolest
Heroic nerves!
Rose lip, that scornest
Lore-laden years!
Smooth tongue, that warnest
Who rightly hears!
Thy doom is nigh,
Pink cheek, bright eye!
Thy knell is rung,
Rose lip, smooth tongue!

CHORUS. If true her tale, thy knell is rung,
Pink cheek, bright eye, rose lip, smooth tongue!

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PITTI-SING. Away, nor prosecute your quest—
From our intention, well expressed,
You cannot turn us!
The state of your connubial views
Towards the person you accuse
Does not concern us!
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum—
Yum-Yum!

ALL.
PITTI. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—
Cumb—cumb!

ALL.
PITTI. And join our expressions of glee.
On this subject I pray you be dumb—
Dumb—dumb.

ALL.
PITTI. You'll find there are many
Who'll wed for a penny—
The word for your guidance is "Mum"—
Mum—mum!

ALL.
PITTI. There's lots of good fish in the sea!

ALL. On this subject we pray you be dumb, etc.

SOLO—KATISHA

The hour of gladness
Is dead and gone;
In silent sadness
I live alone!
The hope I cherished
All lifeless lies,
And all has perished
Save love, which never dies!
Oh, faithless one, this insult you shall rue!
In vain for mercy on your knees you'll sue.
I'll tear the mask from your disguising!

NANK. (<i>aside</i>).	Now comes the blow!
KAT.	Prepare yourselves for new surprising!
NANK. (<i>aside</i>).	How foil my foe?
KAT.	No minstrel he, despite bravado!

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YUM. (*aside, struck by an idea*). Ha! ha! I know!

KAT. He is the son of your—

(NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM, and CHORUS, *interrupting, sing Japanese words, to drown her voice.*)

O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

KAT. In vain you interrupt with this tornado!
He is the only son of your—

ALL. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

KAT. I'll spoil—

ALL. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

KAT. Your gay gambado!

He is the son—

ALL. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

KAT. Of your—

ALL. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

KAT. The son of your—

ALL. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to! oya! oya!

ENSEMBLE

KATISHA

THE OTHERS

Ye torrents roar!	We'll hear no more,
Ye tempests howl!	Ill-omened owl,
Your wrath outpour	To joy we soar,
With angry growl!	Despite your scowl!
Do ye your worst, my vengeance call	The echoes of our festival
Shall rise triumphant over all!	Shall rise triumphant over all!
Prepare for woe,	Away you go,
Ye haughty lords,	Collect your hordes;
At once I go	Proclaim your woe
Mikado-wards,	In dismal chords;
My wrongs with vengeance shall be crowned!	We do not heed their dismal sound,
My wrongs with vengeance shall be crowned!	For joy reigns everywhere around.

(KATISHA *rushes furiously up stage, clearing the crowd away right and left, finishing on steps at the back of stage.*)

END OF ACT I

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ACT TWO



SCENE.—KO-KO's Garden.

YUM-YUM *discovered seated at her bridal toilet, surrounded by maidens, who are dressing her hair and painting her face and lips, as she judges of the effect in a mirror.*



SOLO—PITTI-SING and CHORUS OF GIRLS

CHORUS.

Braid the raven hair—
Weave the supple tress—
Deck the maiden fair
In her loveliness—
Paint the pretty face—
Dye the coral lip—
Emphasize the grace
Of her ladyship!
Art and nature, thus allied,
Go to make a pretty bride.

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SOLO—PITTI-SING

Sit with downcast eye—
Let it brim with dew—
Try if you can cry—
We will do so, too.
When you're summoned, start
Like a frightened roe—
Flutter, little heart,
Colour, come and go!
Modesty at marriage-tide
Well becomes a pretty bride!

CHORUS

Braid the raven hair, etc.

[*Exeunt* PITTI-SING, PEEP-BO, *and* CHORUS.]

YUM. Yes, I am indeed beautiful! Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world. Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and take after my mother.

SONG—YUM-YUM

The sun, whose rays
Are all ablaze
With ever-living glory,
Does not deny
His majesty—
He scorns to tell a story!
He don't exclaim,
"I blush for shame,
So kindly be indulgent."
But, fierce and bold,
In fiery gold,
He glories all effulgent!

I mean to rule the earth,
As he the sky—

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We really know our worth,
The sun and I!

Observe his flame,
That placid dame,
The moon's Celestial Highness;
There's not a trace
Upon her face

Of diffidence or shyness:
She borrows light
That, through the night,
Mankind may all acclaim her!
And, truth to tell,
She lights up well,
So I, for one, don't blame her!



THE MIKADO

Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I!

Enter PITTI-SING and PEEP-BO.

YUM. Yes, everything seems to smile upon me. I am to be married to-day to the man I love best, and I believe I am the very happiest girl in Japan!

PEEP. The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.

YUM. In "all but" perfection?

PEEP. Well, dear, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband is to be beheaded in a month is, in its way, a drawback. It does seem to take the top off it, you know.

PITTI. I don't know about that. It all depends!

PEEP. At all events, *he* will find it a drawback.

PITTI. Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

YUM. (*in tears*). I think it very indelicate of you to refer to such a subject on such a day. If my married happiness *is* to be—to be——

PEEP. Cut short.

YUM. Well, cut short—in a month, can't you let me forget it? (*Weeping.*)

Enter NANKI-POO, followed by GO-TO.

NANK. Yum-Yum in tears—and on her wedding morn!

YUM. (*sobbing*). They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

PITTI. Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded. (*Bursts into tears.*)

PEEP. It's quite true, you know, you *are* to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

NANK. (*aside*). Humph! Now, some bridegrooms would be depressed by this sort of thing! (*Aloud.*) A month? Well, what's a month? Bah! These divisions of time are purely arbitrary. Who says twenty-four hours make a day?

PITTI. There's a popular impression to that effect.

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NANK. Then we'll efface it. We'll call each second a minute—each minute an hour—each hour a day—and each day a year. At that rate we've about thirty years of married happiness before us!

PEEP. And, at that rate, this interview has already lasted four hours and three-quarters!

[Exit PEEP-BO.]

YUM. (*still sobbing*). Yes. How time flies when one is thoroughly enjoying oneself!

NANK. That's the way to look at it! Don't let's be downhearted! There's a silver lining to every cloud.

YUM. Certainly. Let's—let's be perfectly happy! (*Almost in tears.*)

GO-TO. By all means. Let's—let's thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

PITTI. It's—it's absurd to cry! (*Trying to force a laugh.*)

YUM. Quite ridiculous! (*Trying to laugh.*)

(*All break into a forced and melancholy laugh.*)

MADRIGAL

YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING, NANKI-POO, *and* PISH-TUSH.

Brightly dawns our wedding day;
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting!
Whither, whither art thou fleeting?
Fickle moment, prithee stay!
What though mortal joys be hollow?
Pleasures come, if sorrows follow:
Though the tocsin sound, ere long,
Ding dong! Ding dong!
Yet until the shadows fall
Over one and over all,
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!
Fal-la—fal-la! etc. (*Ending in tears.*)

Let us dry the ready tear,
Though the hours are surely creeping
Little need for woeful weeping,

THE MIKADO

Till the sad sundown is near.
 All must sip the cup of sorrow—
 I to-day and thou to-morrow;
 This the close of every song—
 Ding dong! Ding dong!
 What, though solemn shadows fall,
 Sooner, later, over all?
 Sing a merry madrigal—
 A madrigal!
 Fal-la—fal-la! etc. (*Ending in tears.*)

[*Exeunt* PITTI-SING and PISH-TUSH.

(NANKI-POO *embraces* YUM-YUM. *Enter* KO-KO. NANKI-POO *releases*
 YUM-YUM.)

KO. Go on—don't mind me.

NANK. I'm afraid we're distressing you.

KO. Never mind, I must get used to it. Only please do it by degrees.
 Begin by putting your arm round her waist. (NANKI-POO *does so*.)
 There; let me get used to that first.

YUM. Oh, wouldn't you like to retire? It must pain you to see us so
 affectionate together!

KO. No, I must learn to bear it! Now oblige me by allowing her
 head to rest on your shoulder.

NANK. Like that? (*He does so. KO-KO much affected.*)

KO. I am much obliged to you. Now—kiss her! (*He does so.*
 KO-KO *writhes with anguish.*) Thank you—it's simple torture!

YUM. Come, come, bear up. After all, it's only for a month.

KO. No. It's no use deluding oneself with false hopes.

NANK. } What do you mean?
 YUM. }

KO. (*to* YUM-YUM). My child—my poor child! (*Aside.*) How shall
 I break it to her? (*Aloud.*) My little bride that was to have been—

YUM. (*delighted*). Was to have been?

KO. Yes, you never can be mine!

NANK. } (in ecstasy). { What!
 YUM. } { I'm so glad!

W. S. GILBERT

KO. I've just ascertained that, by the Mikado's law, when a married man is beheaded his wife is buried alive.

NANK. Buried alive!

YUM.

KO. Buried alive. It's a most unpleasant death.

NANK. But whom did you get that from?

KO. Oh, from Pooh-Bah. He's my Solicitor.

YUM. But he may be mistaken!

KO. So I thought; so I consulted the Attorney-General, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Judge Ordinary, and the Lord Chancellor. They're all of the same opinion. Never knew such unanimity on a point of law in my life!

NANK. But stop a bit! This law has never been put in force.

KO. Not yet. You see, flirting is the only crime punishable with decapitation, and married men never flirt.

NANK. Of course, they don't. I quite forgot that! Well, I suppose I may take it that my dream of happiness is at an end!

YUM. Darling—I don't want to appear selfish, and I love you with all my heart—I don't suppose I shall ever love anybody else half as much—but when I agreed to marry you—my own—I had no idea—pet—that I should have to be buried alive in a month!

NANK. Nor I! It's the very first I've heard of it!

YUM. It—it makes a difference, doesn't it?

NANK. It *does* make a difference, of course.

YUM. You see—burial alive—it's such a stuffy death!

NANK. I call it a beast of a death.

YUM. You see my difficulty, don't you?

NANK. Yes, and I see my own. If I insist on your carrying out your promise, I doom you to a hideous death; if I release you, you marry Ko-Ko at once!

TRIO—YUM-YUM, NANKI-POO, *and* KO-KO.

YUM.

Here's a how-de-do!

If I marry you,

When your time has come to perish,

Then the maiden whom you cherish

THE MIKADO

Must be slaughtered, too!
Here's a how-de-do!

NANK. Here's a pretty mess!
In a month, or less,
I must die without a wedding!
Let the bitter tears I'm shedding
Witness my distress,
Here's a pretty mess!

KO. Here's a state of things!
To her life she clings!
Matrimonial devotion
Doesn't seem to suit her notion—
Burial it brings!
Here's a state of things!

ENSEMBLE

YUM-YUM *and* NANKI POO

KO-KO

With a passion that's intense
I worship and adore,
But the laws of common sense
We oughtn't to ignore.
If what he says is true,
'Tis death to marry you!
Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

With a passion that's intense
You worship and adore,
But the laws of common sense
You oughtn't to ignore.
If what I say is true,
'Tis death to marry you!
Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

[*Exit* YUM-YUM.

KO. (*going up to NANKI-POO*). My poor boy, I'm really very sorry for you.

NANK. Thanks, old fellow. I'm sure you are.

KO. You see I'm quite helpless.

NANK. I quite see that.

KO. I can't conceive anything more distressing than to have one's marriage broken off at the last moment. But you shan't be disappointed of a wedding—you shall come to mine.

NANK. It's awfully kind of you, but that's impossible.

W. S. GILBERT

KO. Why so?

NANK. To-day I die.

KO. What do you mean?

NANK. I can't live without Yum-Yum. This afternoon I perform the Happy Despatch.

KO. No, no—pardon me—I can't allow that.

NANK. Why not?

KO. Why, hang it all, you're under contract to die by the hand of the Public Executioner in a month's time! If you kill yourself, what's to become of me? Why, I shall have to be executed in your place!

NANK. It would certainly seem so!

Enter POOH-BAH.

KO. Now then, Lord Mayor, what is it?

POOH. The Mikado and his suite are approaching the city, and will be here in ten minutes.

KO. The Mikado! He's coming to see whether his orders have been carried out! (*To NANKI-POO.*) Now look here, you know—this is getting serious—a bargain's a bargain, and you really mustn't frustrate the ends of justice by committing suicide. As a man of honour and a gentleman, you are bound to die ignominiously by the hands of the Public Executioner.

NANK. Very well, then—behead me.

KO. What, now?

NANK. Certainly; at once.

POOH. Chop it off! Chop it off!

KO. My good sir, I don't go about prepared to execute gentlemen at a moment's notice. Why, I never even killed a blue-bottle!

POOH. Still, as Lord High Executioner—

KO. My good sir, as Lord High Executioner, I've got to behead him in a month. I'm not ready yet. I don't know how it's done. I'm going to take lessons. I mean to begin with a guinea pig, and work my way through the animal kingdom till I come to a Second Trombone. Why, you don't suppose that, as a humane man, I'd have accepted the post of Lord High Executioner if I hadn't thought the duties were purely

THE MIKADO

nominal? I *can't* kill you—I can't kill anything! I can't kill anybody! (*Weeps.*)

NANK. Come, my poor fellow, we all have unpleasant duties to discharge at times; after all, what is it? If I don't mind, why should you? Remember, sooner or later it must be done.

KO. (*springing up suddenly*). *Must it?* I'm not so sure about that!

NANK. What do you mean?

KO. Why should I kill you when making an affidavit that you've been executed will do just as well? Here are plenty of witnesses—the Lord Chief Justice, Lord High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of State for the Home Department, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chief Commissioner of Police.

NANK. But where are they?

KO. There they are. They'll all swear to it—won't you? (*To POOH-BAH.*)

POOH. Am I to understand that all of us high Officers of State are required to perjure ourselves to ensure your safety?

KO. Why not? You'll be grossly insulted, as usual.

POOH. Will the insult be cash down, or at a date?

KO. It will be a ready-money transaction.

POOH. (*Aside.*) Well, it will be a useful discipline. (*Aloud.*) Very good. Choose your fiction, and I'll endorse it! (*Aside.*) Ha! ha! Family Pride, how do you like *that*, my buck?

NANK. But I tell you that life without Yum-Yum—

KO. Oh, Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum! Bother Yum-Yum! Here, Commis-sionaire (*to POOH-BAH*), go and fetch Yum-Yum. (*Exit POOH-BAH.*) Take Yum-Yum and marry Yum-Yum, only go away and never come back again. (*Enter POOH-BAH with YUM-YUM.*) Here she is. Yum-Yum, are you particularly busy?

YUM. Not particularly.

KO. You've five minutes to spare?

YUM. Yes.

KO. Then go along with his Grace the Archbishop of Titipu; he'll marry you at once.

YUM. But if I'm to be buried alive?

W. S. GILBERT

KO. Now, don't ask any questions, but do as I tell you, and Nanki-Poo will explain all.

NANK. But one moment——

KO. Not for worlds. Here comes the Mikado, no doubt to ascertain whether I've obeyed his decree, and if he finds you alive I shall have the greatest difficulty in persuading him that I've beheaded you. (*Exeunt NANKI-POO and YUM-YUM, followed by POOH-BAH.*) Close thing that, for here he comes!

[*Exit KO-KO.*

March.—Enter procession, heralding MIKADO, with KATISHA.

Entrance of MIKADO and KATISHA.

(*"March of the Mikado's troops."*)

CHORUS.

Miya sama, miya sama,
On n'm-ma no mayé ni
Pira-Pira suru no wa
Nan gia na
Toko tonyaré tonyaré na?

DUET—MIKADO and KATISHA

MIK.

From every kind of man
Obedience I expect;
I'm the Emperor of Japan—

KAT.

And I'm his daughter-in-law elect!
He'll marry his son
(He's only got one)
To his daughter-in-law elect.



THE MIKADO

- MIK. My morals have been declared
Particularly correct;
- KAT. But they're nothing at all, compared
With those of his daughter-in-law elect!
Bow—Bow—
To his daughter-in-law elect!
- ALL. Bow—Bow—
To his daughter-in-law elect!
- MIK. In a fatherly kind of way
I govern each tribe and sect,
All cheerfully own my sway—
- KAT. Except his daughter-in-law elect!
As tough as a bone,
With a will of her own,
Is his daughter-in-law elect!
- MIK. My nature is love and light—
My freedom from all defect—
- KAT. Is insignificant quite,
Compared with his daughter-in-law elect!
Bow—Bow—
To his daughter-in-law elect!
- ALL. Bow—Bow—
To his daughter-in-law elect!

SONG—MIKADO *and* CHORUS

A more humane Mikado never
Did in Japan exist,
To nobody second,
I'm certainly reckoned
A true philanthropist.
It is my very humane endeavour
To make, to some extent,
Each evil liver

W. S. GILBERT

A running river
Of harmless merriment.

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To let the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime;
And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment!
Of innocent merriment!

All prosy dull society sinners,
Who chatter and bleat and bore,
Are sent to hear sermons
From mystical Germans
Who preach from ten till four.
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villainies
All desire to shirk,
Shall, during off-hours,
Exhibit his powers
To Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

The lady who dies a chemical yellow,
Or stains her grey hair puce,
Or pinches her figger,
Is blacked like a nigger
With permanent walnut juice.
The idiot who, in railway carriages,
Scribbles on window-panes,
We only suffer
To ride on a buffer
In Parliamentary trains.

My object all sublime, etc.

CHORUS.

His object all sublime, etc.

The advertising quack who wearies
With tales of countless cures,

THE MIKADO

His teeth, I've enacted,
Shall all be extracted
By terrified amateurs.



The music-hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues and "ops"
By Bach, interwoven
With Spohr and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops.

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,
His doom's extremely hard—
He's made to dwell—
In a dungeon cell
On a spot that's always barred.
And there he plays extravagant matches
In fitless finger-stalls
On a cloth untrue,
With a twisted cue
And elliptical billiard balls!

My object all sublime, etc.

CHORUS.

His object all sublime, etc.

W. S. GILBERT

Enter POOH-BAH, KO-KO, and PITTI-SING. All kneel.

(POOH-BAH *hands a paper to* KO-KO.)

KO. I am honoured in being permitted to welcome your Majesty. I guess the object of your Majesty's visit—your wishes have been attended to. The execution has taken place.

MIK. Oh, you've had an execution, have you?

KO. Yes. The Coroner has just handed me his certificate.

POOH. I am the Coroner. (KO-KO *hands certificate to* MIKADO.)

MIK. And this is the certificate of his death. (*Reads.*) "At Titipu, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Attorney-General, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Lord Mayor, and Groom of the Second Floor Front——"

POOH. They were all present, your Majesty. I counted them myself.

MIK. Very good house. I wish I'd been in time for the performance.

KO. A tough fellow he was, too—a man of gigantic strength. His struggles were terrific. It was really a remarkable scene.

MIK. Describe it.

TRIO *and* CHORUS

KO-KO, PITTI-SING, POOH-BAH *and* CHORUS.

KO. The criminal cried, as he dropped him down,
In a state of wild alarm—
With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown,
I bared my big right arm.
I seized him by his little pig-tail,
And on his knees fell he,
As he squirmed and struggled,
And gurgled and guggled,
I drew my snickersnee!
Oh, never shall I
Forget the cry,
Or the shriek that shriekèd he,
As I gnashed my teeth,
When from its sheath
I drew my snickersnee!

THE MIKADO

CHORUS

We know him well,
He cannot tell
Untrue or groundless tales—
He always tries
To utter lies,
And every time he fails.

PITTI.
He shivered and shook as he gave the sign
For the stroke he didn't deserve;
When all of a sudden his eye met mine,
And it seemed to brace his nerve;
For he nodded his head and kissed his hand,
And he whistled an air, did he,
As the sabre true
Cut cleanly through
His cervical vertebræ!
When a man's afraid,
A beautiful maid
Is a cheering sight to see;
And it's oh, I'm glad
That moment sad
Was soothed by sight of me!

CHORUS

Her terrible tale
You can't assail,
With truth it quite agrees:
Her taste exact
For faultless fact
Amounts to a disease.

POOH.
Now though you'd have said that head was dead
(For its owner dead was he),
It stood on its neck, with a smile well-bred,
And bowed three times to me!
It was none of your impudent off-hand nods,
But as humble as could be;

W. S. GILBERT

For it clearly knew
The deference due
To a man of pedigree!
And it's oh, I vow,
This deathly bow
Was a touching sight to see;
Though trunkless, yet
It couldn't forget
The deference due to me!

CHORUS

This haughty youth,
He speaks the truth
Whenever he finds it pays:
And in this case
It all took place
Exactly as he says!

[*Exeunt* CHORUS.]

MIK. All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the heir to the throne of Japan, bolted from our Imperial Court.

KO. Indeed! Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position?

KAT. None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him—yet he fled!

POOH. I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely!

KAT. That's not true.

POOH. No!

KAT. You hold that I am not beautiful because my face is plain. But you know nothing; you are still unenlightened. Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought. My face is unattractive!

POOH. It is.

KAT. But I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can resist.

POOH. Allow me!

THE MIKADO

KAT. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world.

KO. And yet he fled!

MIK. And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a Second Trombone.

KO. }
POOH. } A Second Trombone!
PITTI. }

MIK. Yes; would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to produce him? He goes by the name of—

KAT. Nanki-Poo.

MIK. Nanki-Poo.

KO. It's quite easy. That is, it's rather difficult. In point of fact, he's gone abroad!

MIK. Gone abroad! His address.

KO. Knightsbridge!

KAT. (*who is reading certificate of death*). Ha!

MIK. What's the matter?

KAT. See here—his name—Nanki-Poo—beheaded this morning. Oh, where shall I find another? Where shall I find another?

(KO-KO, POOH-BAH, and PITTI-SING fall on their knees.)

MIK. (*looking at paper*). Dear, dear, dear! this is very tiresome. (*To KO-KO.*) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan!

KO. I beg to offer an unqualified apology.

POOH. I desire to associate myself with that expression of regret.

PITTI. We really hadn't the least notion—

MIK. Of course you hadn't. How could you? Come, come, my good fellow, don't distress yourself—it was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted rank chooses to disguise himself as a Second Trombone, he must take the consequences. It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he thoroughly deserved all he got. (*They rise.*)

KO. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty—

PITTI. Much obliged, your Majesty.

POOH. Very much obliged, your Majesty.

W. S. GILBERT

MIK. Obligated? not a bit. Don't mention it. How *could* you tell?

POOH. No, of course we couldn't tell who the gentleman really was.

PITTI. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

KO. It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief, but Japanese don't use pocket-handkerchiefs! Ha! ha! ha!

MIK. Ha! ha! ha! (*To KATISHA.*) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

KO., POOH., and PITTI. Punishment. (*They drop down on their knees again.*)

MIK. Yes. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret—I'm not a bit angry.

KO. (*in abject terror*). If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea——

MIK. Of course——

PITTI. I knew nothing about it.

POOH. I wasn't there.

MIK. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately, the fool of an Act says "compassing the death of the Heir Apparent." There's not a word about a mistake——

KO., PITTI., and POOH. No!

MIK. Or not knowing——

KO. No!

MIK. Or having no notion——

PITTI. No!

MIK. Or not being there——

POOH. No!

MIK. There should be, of course——

KO., PITTI., and POOH. Yes!

MIK. But there isn't.

KO., PITTI., and POOH. Oh!

MIK. That's the slovenly way in which these Acts are always drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session. Now, let's see about your execution—will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

THE MIKADO

KO., PITTI., *and* POOH. Oh, yes—we can wait till then!

MIK. Then we'll make it after luncheon.

POOH. I don't want any lunch.

MIK. I'm really very sorry for you all, but it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances.

GLEE

PITTI-SING, KATISHA, KO-KO, POOH-BAH, *and* MIKADO.

MIK. See how the Fates their gifts allot,
For A is happy—B is not.
Yet B is worthy, I dare say,
Of more prosperity than A!

KO., POOH., *and* PITTI. Is B more worthy?

KAT. I should say
He's worth a great deal more than A.

ENSEMBLE. {	Yet A is happy!
	Oh, so happy!
	Laughing, Ha! ha!
	Chaffing, Ha! ha!
	Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha!
	Ever joyous, ever gay, Happy, undeserving A!

KO., POOH., *and* PITTI.

If I were Fortune—which I'm not—
B should enjoy A's happy lot,
And A should die in miserie—
That is, assuming I am B.

MIK. *and* KAT. But *should* A perish?

KO., POOH., *and* PITTI. That should he
(Of course, assuming I am B).

B should be happy!
Oh, so happy!
Laughing, Ha! ha!
Chaffing, Ha! ha!
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha!
But condemned to die is he,
Wretched meritorious B!

[*Exeunt* MIKADO *and* KATISHA.]

W. S. GILBERT

KO. Well, a nice mess you've got us into, with your nodding head and the deference due to a man of pedigree!

POOH. Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.

PITTI. Corroborative detail indeed! Corroborative fiddlestick!

KO. And you're just as bad as he is with your cock-and-a-bull stories about catching his eye and his whistling an air. But that's so like you! You must put in your oar!

POOH. But how about your big right arm?

PITTI. Yes, and your snickersnee!

KO. Well, well, never mind that now. There's only one thing to be done. Nanki-Poo hasn't started yet—he must come to life again at once. (*Enter NANKI-POO and YUM-YUM prepared for journey.*) Here he comes. Here, Nanki-Poo, I've good news for you—you're reprieved.

NANK. Oh, but it's too late. I'm a dead man, and I'm off for my honeymoon.

KO. Nonsense! A terrible thing has just happened. It seems you're the son of the Mikado.

NANK. Yes, but that happened some time ago.

KO. Is this a time for airy persiflage? Your father is here, and with Katisha!

NANK. My father! And with Katisha!

KO. Yes, he wants you particularly.

POOH. So does she.

YUM. Oh, but he's married now.

KO. But, bless my heart! what has that to do with it?

NANK. Katisha claims me in marriage, but I can't marry her because I'm married already—consequently she will insist on my execution, and if I'm executed, my wife will have to be buried alive.

YUM. You see our difficulty.

KO. Yes. I don't know what's to be done.

NANK. There's one chance for you. If you could persuade Katisha to marry you, she would have no further claim on me, and in that case I could come to life without any fear of being put to death.

KO. I marry Katisha!

YUM. I really think it's the only course.

THE MIKADO

KO. But, my good girl, have you seen her? She's something appalling!

PITTI. Ah! that's only her face. She has a left elbow which people come miles to see!

POOH. I am told that her right heel is much admired by connoisseurs.

KO. My good sir, I decline to pin my heart upon any lady's right heel.

NANK. It comes to this: While Katisha is single, I prefer to be a disembodied spirit. When Katisha is married, existence will be as welcome as the flowers in spring.

DUET—NANKI-POO and KOKO

(*With YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING, and POOH-BAH.*)

NANK. The flowers that bloom in the spring,

Tra la,

Breathe promise of merry sunshine—
As we merrily dance and we sing

Tra la,

We welcome the hope that they bring,

Tra la,

Of a summer of roses and wine.

And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.

Tra la la la la la, etc.

ALL. Tra la la la, etc.

KO. The flowers that bloom in the spring,

Tra la,

Have nothing to do with the case.
I've got to take under my wing,

Tra la,

A most unattractive old thing,

Tra la,

With a caricature of a face.

And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing,

"Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring."

Tra la la la la la, etc.

W. S. GILBERT

ALL. Tra la la la, Tra la la la, etc.

[*Dance and exeunt* NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM,
POOH-BAH, PITTU-SING, *and* KO-KO.]

Enter KATISHA.

RECITATIVE AND SONG—KATISHA

Alone, and yet alive! Oh, sepulchre!
My soul is still my body's prisoner!
Remote the peace that Death alone can give—
My doom, to wait! my punishment, to live!

SONG

Hearts do not break!
They sting and ache
For old love's sake,
But do not die,
Though with each breath
They long for death
As witnesseth
The living I!
Oh, living I!
Come, tell me why,
When hope is gone,
Dost thou stay on?
Why linger here,
Where all is drear?
Oh, living I!
Come, tell me why,
When hope is gone,
Dost thou stay on?
May not a cheated maiden die?

KO. (*entering and approaching her timidly*). Katisha!

KAT. The miscreant who robbed me of my love! But vengeance
pursues—they are heating the cauldron!

KO. Katisha—behold a suppliant at your feet! Katisha—mercy!

THE MIKADO

KAT. Mercy? Had you mercy on him? See here, you! You have slain my love. He did not love *me*, but he would have loved me in time. I am an acquired taste—only the educated palate can appreciate *me*. I was educating *his* palate when he left me. Well, he is dead, and where shall I find another? It takes years to train a man to love me. Am I to go through the weary round again, and, at the same time, implore mercy for you who robbed me of my prey—I mean my pupil—just as his education was on the point of completion? Oh, where shall I find another?

KO. (*suddenly, and with great vehemence*). Here!— Here!

KAT. What!!!

KO. (*with intense passion*). Katisha, for years I have loved you with a white-hot passion that is slowly but surely consuming my very vitals! Ah, shrink not from me! If there is aught of woman's mercy in your heart, turn not away from a love-sick suppliant whose every fibre thrills at your tiniest touch! True it is that, under a poor mask of disgust, I have endeavoured to conceal a passion whose inner fires are broiling the soul within me! But the fire will not be smothered—it defies all attempts at extinction, and, breaking forth, all the more eagerly for its long restraint, it declares itself in words that will not be weighed—that cannot be schooled—that should not be too severely criticised. Katisha, I dare not hope for your love—but I will not live without it! Darling!

KAT. You, whose hands still reek with the blood of my betrothed, dare to address words of passion to the woman you have so foully wronged!

KO. I do—accept my love, or I perish on the spot!

KAT. Go to! Who knows so well as I that no one ever yet died of a broken heart!

KO. You know not what you say. Listen!

SONG—KO-KO

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'?"
"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,

W. S. GILBERT

"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head, he replied,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"



He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough
Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he plunged himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

THE MIKADO

(During this song KATISHA has been greatly affected, and at the end is almost in tears.)

KAT. (*whimpering*). Did he really die of love?

KO. He really did.

KAT. All on account of a cruel little hen?

KO. Yes.

KAT. Poor little chap!

KO. It's an affecting tale, and quite true. I knew the bird intimately.

KAT. Did you? He must have been very fond of her.

KO. His devotion was something extraordinary.

KAT. (*still whimpering*). Poor little chap! And—and if I refuse you, will you go and do the same?

KO. At once.



KAT. No, no—you mustn't! Anything but that! (*Falls on his breast.*) Oh, I'm a silly little goose!

KO. (*making a wry face*). You are!

KAT. And you won't hate me because I'm just a little teeny weeny wee bit bloodthirsty, will you?

KO. Hate you? Oh, Katisha! is there not beauty even in blood-thirstiness?

KAT. My idea exactly.

W. S. GILBERT

DUET—KATISHA *and* KO-KO

- KAT. There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,
There is grandeur in the growling of the gale,
There is eloquent outpouring
When the lion is a-roaring,
And the tiger is a-lashing of his tail!
- KO. Yes, I like to see a tiger
From the Congo or the Niger,
And especially when lashing of his tail!
- KAT. Volcanoes have a splendour that is grim,
And earthquakes only terrify the dolts,
But to him who's scientific
There's nothing that's terrific
In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts!
- KO. Yes, in spite of all my meekness,
If I have a little weakness,
It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts!
- BOTH. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one.
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done!
- KO. There is beauty in extreme old age—
Do you fancy you are elderly enough?
Information I'm requesting
On a subject interesting:
Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?
- KAT. Throughout this wide dominion
It's the general opinion
That she'll last a good deal longer when she's tough.
- KO. Are you old enough to marry, do you think?
Won't you wait till you are eighty in the shade?
There's a fascination frantic
In a ruin that's romantic;
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?

THE MIKADO

KAT. To the matter that you mention
I have given some attention,
And I think I am sufficiently decayed.

BOTH. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one!
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done!

[*Exeunt together.*]

Flourish. Enter the MIKADO, attended by PISH-TUSH and Court.

MIK. Now then, we've had a capital lunch, and we're quite ready.
Have all the painful preparations been made?

PISH. Your Majesty, all is prepared.

MIK. Then produce the unfortunate gentleman and his two well-meaning but misguided accomplices.

*Enter KO-KO, KATISHA, POOH-BAH, and PITT-SING.
They throw themselves at the MIKADO's feet.*

KAT. Mercy! Mercy for Ko-Ko! Mercy for Pitti-Sing! Mercy even for Pooh-Bah!

MIK. I beg your pardon, I don't think I quite caught that remark.

POOH. Mercy even for Pooh-Bah.

KAT. Mercy! My husband that was to have been is dead, and I have just married this miserable object.

MIK. Oh! You've not been long about it!

KO. We were married before the Registrar.

POOH. I am the Registrar.

MIK. I see. But my difficulty is that, as you have slain the Heir Apparent—

Enter NANKI-POO and YUM-YUM. They kneel.

NANKI. The Heir Apparent is *not* slain.

MIK. Bless my heart, my son!

W. S. GILBERT

YUM. And your daughter-in-law elected!

KAT. (*seizing* KO-KO). Traitor, you have deceived me!

MIK. Yes, you are entitled to a little explanation, but I think he will give it better whole than in pieces.

KO. Your Majesty, it's like this: It is true that I stated that I had killed Nanki-Poo—

MIK. Yes, with most affecting particulars.

POOH. Merely corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and—

KO. *Will* you refrain from putting in your oar? (*To* MIKADO.) It's like this: When your Majesty says, "Let a thing be done," it's as good as done—practically, it *is* done—because your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says, "Kill a gentleman," and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently, that gentleman is as good as dead—practically, he *is* dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?

MIK. I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory!

FINALE

PITTI. For he's gone and married Yum-Yum—

ALL. Yum-Yum!

PITTI. Your anger pray bury,

For all will be merry,

I think you had better succumb—

ALL. Cumb—cumb!

PITTI. And join our expressions of glee!

KO. On this subject I pray you be dumb—

ALL. Dumb—dumb!

KO. Your notions, though many,

Are not worth a penny,

The word for your guidance is "Mum"—

ALL. Mum—Mum!

KO. You've a very good bargain in me.

ALL. On this subject we pray you be dumb—

Dumb—dumb!

We think you had better succumb—

Cumb—cumb!

THE MIKADO

You'll find there are many
Who'll wed for a penny,
There are lots of good fish in the sea.
YUM. *and* NANK. The threatened cloud has passed away,
And brightly shines the dawning day;
What though the night may come too soon,
We've years and years of afternoon!
ALL. Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song
And merry dance,
With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our new career!
Then let the throng, etc.

CURTAIN

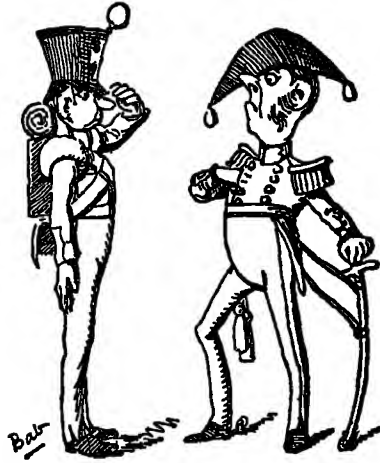


The Bab



Ballads

The Bab Ballads



GENERAL JOHN

THE bravest names for fire and flames
And all that mortal durst,
Were GENERAL JOHN and PRIVATE JAMES,
Of the Sixty-seventy-first.

GENERAL JOHN was a soldier tried,
A chief of warlike dons;
A haughty stride and a withering pride
Were MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN'S.

W. S. GILBERT

A sneer would play on his martial phiz,
Superior birth to show;
"Pish!" was a favourite word of his,
And he often said "Ho! ho!"

FULL-PRIVATE JAMES described might be,
As a man of a mournful mind;
No characteristic trait had he
Of any distinctive kind.

From the ranks, one day, cried PRIVATE JAMES,
"Oh! MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN,
I've doubts of our respective names,
My mournful mind upon.



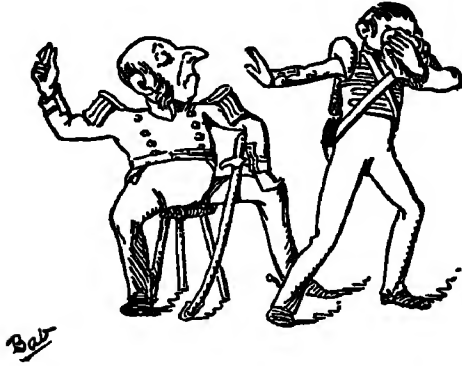
"A glimmering thought occurs to me
(Its source I can't unearth),
But I've a kind of a notion we
Were cruelly changed at birth.

"I've a strange idea that each other's names
We've each of us here got on.
Such things have been," said PRIVATE JAMES.
"They have!" sneered GENERAL JOHN.

GENERAL JOHN

"My GENERAL JOHN, I swear upon
My oath I think 'tis so——"
"Pish!" proudly sneered his GENERAL JOHN,
And he also said "Ho! ho!"

"My GENERAL JOHN! my GENERAL JOHN!
My GENERAL JOHN!" quoth he,
"This aristocratical sneer upon
Your face I blush to see!"



"No truly great or generous cove
Deserving of them names,
Would sneer at a fixed idea that's drove
In the mind of a PRIVATE JAMES!"

Said GENERAL JOHN, "Upon your claims
No need your breath to waste;
If this is a joke, FULL-PRIVATE JAMES,
It's a joke of doubtful taste.

"But, being a man of doubtless worth,
If you feel certain quite
That we were probably changed at birth,
I'll venture to say you're right."

W. S. GILBERT

So GENERAL JOHN as PRIVATE JAMES
Fell in, parade upon;
And PRIVATE JAMES, by change of names,
Was MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN.





TO A LITTLE MAID

BY A POLICEMAN

COME with me, little maid!
Nay, shrink not, thus afraid—
I'll harm thee not!
Fly not, my love, from me—
I have a home for thee—
A fairy grot,
Where mortal eye
Can rarely pry,
There shall thy dwelling be!

List to me, while I tell
The pleasures of that cell,
Oh, little maid!
What though its couch be rude
Homely the only food
Within its shade?
No thought of care
Can enter there,
No vulgar swain intrude!

W. S. GILBERT

Come with me, little maid,
Come to the rocky shade
I love to sing;
Live with us, maiden rare—
Come, for we "want" thee there,
Thou elfin thing,
To work thy spell,
In some cool cell
In stately Pentonville!





SIR GUY THE CRUSADER

SIR GUY was a doughty crusader,
A muscular knight,
Ever ready to fight,
A very determined invader,
And DICKEY DE LION's delight.

LENORE was a Saracen maiden,
Brunette, statuesque,
The reverse of grotesque,
Her pa was a bagman from Aden,
Her mother she played in burlesque.

A *coryphée*, pretty and loyal,
In amber and red
The ballet she led;
Her mother performed at the Royal,
LENORE at the Saracen's Head.

Of face and of figure majestic,
She dazzled the cits—
Ecstaticised pits;—
Her troubles were only domestic,
But drove her half out of her wits.

W. S. GILBERT

Her father incessantly lashed her,
On water and bread
She was grudgingly fed;
Whenever her father he thrashed her
Her mother sat down on her head.

Guy saw her, and loved her, with reason,
For beauty so bright
Sent him mad with delight;
He purchased a stall for the season,
And sat in it every night.

His views were exceedingly proper,
He wanted to wed,
So he called at her shed
And saw her progenitor whop her—
Her mother sit down on her head.



"So pretty," said he, "and so trusting!
You brute of a dad,
You unprincipled cad,
Your conduct is really disgusting,
Come, come, now admit it's too bad!

"You're a turbaned old Turk, and malignant—
Your daughter LENORE
I intensely adore,

SIR GUY THE CRUSADER

And I cannot help feeling indignant,
A fact that I hinted before;

"To see a fond father employing
A deuce of a knout
For to bang her about,
To a sensitive lover's annoying."
Said the bagman, "Crusader, get out."

Says GUY, "Shall a warrior laden
With a big spiky knob,
Sit in peace on his cob
While a beautiful Saracen maiden
Is whipped by a Saracen snob?

"To London I'll go from my charmer."
Which he did, with his loot
(Seven hats and a flute),
And was nabbed for his Sydenham armour
At MR. BEN-SAMUEL'S suit.

SIR GUY he was lodged in the Compter,
Her pa, in a rage,
Died (don't know his age),
His daughter, she married the prompter,
Grew bulky and quitted the stage.





HAUNTED

HAUNTED? Ay, in a social way,
 By a body of ghosts in a dread array:
 But no conventional spectres they—
 Appalling, grim, and tricky:
 I quail at mine as I'd never quail
 At a fine traditional spectre pale,
 With a turnip head and a ghostly wail,
 And a splash of blood on the dicky!

Mine are horrible social ghosts,
 Speeches and women and guests and hosts,
 Weddings and morning calls and toasts,
 In every bad variety:
 Ghosts that hover about the grave
 Of all that's manly, free, and brave:
 You'll find their names on the architrave
 Of that charnel-house, Society.

Black Monday—black as its school-room ink—
 With its dismal boys that snivel and think
 Of its nauseous messes to eat and drink,
 And its frozen tank to wash in.

HAUNTED

That was the first that brought me grief,
And made me weep, till I sought relief
In an emblematical handkerchief,
 To choke such baby bosh in.

First and worst in the grim array—
Ghosts of ghosts that have gone their way,
Which I wouldn't revive for a single day
 For all the wealth of PLUTUS—
Are the horrible ghosts that school-days scared:
If the classical ghost that BRUTUS dared
Was the ghost of his "Cæsar" unprepared,
 I'm sure I pity BRUTUS.

I pass to critical seventeen;
The ghost of that terrible wedding scene,
When an elderly Colonel stole my Queen,
 And woke my dream of heaven.
No schoolgirl decked in her nurse-room curls
Was my gushing innocent Queen of Pearls;
If she wasn't a girl of a thousand girls,
 She was one of forty-seven!

I see the ghost of my first cigar,
Of the thence-arising family jar—
Of my maiden brief (I was at the Bar,
 And I called the Judge "Your wushup!")
Of reckless days and reckless nights,
With wrenched-off knockers, extinguished lights,
Unholy songs and tipsy fights,
 Which I strove in vain to hush up.

Ghosts of fraudulent joint-stock banks,
Ghosts of "copy, declined with thanks,"
Of novels returned in endless ranks,
 And thousands more, I suffer.
The only line to fitly grace
My humble tomb, when I've run my race,
Is, "Reader, this is the resting-place
 Of an unsuccessful duffer."

W. S. GILBERT

I've fought them all, these ghosts of mine,
But the weapons I've used are sighs and brine,
And now that I'm nearly forty-nine,
Old age is my chiefest bogey;
For my hair is thinning away at the crown,
And the silver fights with the worn-out brown;
And a general verdict sets me down
As an irreclaimable fogey.





LORENZO DE LARDY

DALILAH DE DARDY adored
The very correctest of cards,
LORENZO DE LARDY, a lord—
He was one of Her Majesty's Guards.

DALILAH DE DARDY was fat,
DALILAH DE DARDY was old—
(No doubt in the world about that)
But DALILAH DE DARDY had gold.

LORENZO DE LARDY was tall,
The flower of maidenly pets,
Young ladies would love at his call,
But LORENZO DE LARDY had debts.

His money-position was queer,
And one of his favourite freaks
Was to hide himself, three times a year,
In Paris, for several weeks.

Many days didn't pass him before
He fanned himself into a flame,
For a beautiful "Dam du Comptwore,"
And this was her singular name:

W. S. GILBERT

ALICE EULALIE CORALINE
EUPHROSINE COLOMBINA THÉRÈSE
JULIETTE STEPHANIE CELESTINE
CHARLOTTE Russe DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE.

She booked all the orders and tin,
Accoutred in showy fal-lal,
At a two-fifty Restaurant, in
The glittering Palais Royal.



He'd gaze in her orbit of blue,
Her hand he would tenderly squeeze,
But the words of her tongue that he knew
Were limited strictly to these:

"CORALINE CELESTINE EULALIE,
Houp là! Je vous aime, oui, mossoo,
Combien donnez moi aujourd'hui
Bonjour, Mademoiselle, parlez voo."

MADemoisELLE DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE
Was a witty and beautiful miss,
Extremely correct in her ways,
But her English consisted of this:

LORENZO DE LARDY

"Oh my! pretty man, if you please,
Blom boodin, biftek, currie lamb,
Bouldogue, two franc half, quite ze cheese,
Rosbif, me spik Angleesh, godam."

A waiter, for seasons before,
Had basked in her beautiful gaze,
And burnt to dismember Milor,
He loved DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE.

He said to her, "Méchant THÉRÈSE,
Avec désespoir tu m'accables.
Penses-tu, DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE,
Ses intentions sont honorables?"

"Flirtez toujours, ma belle, si tu ôses—
Je me vengerai ainsi, ma chère,
Je lui dirai de quoi l'on compose
Vol au vent à la Financière!"

LORD LARDY knew nothing of this—
The waiter's devotion ignored,
But he gazed on the beautiful miss,
And never seemed weary or bored.



W. S. GILBERT

The waiter would screw up his nerve,
His fingers he'd snap and he'd dance—
And LORD LARDY would smile and observe,
"How strange are the customs of France!"

Well, after delaying a space,
His tradesmen no longer would wait:
Returning to England apace,
He yielded himself to his fate.

LORD LARDY espoused, with a groan,
MISS DARDY's developing charms,
And agreed to tag on to his own,
Her name and her newly-found arms.

The waiter he knelt at the toes
Of an ugly and thin coryphée,
Who danced in the hindermost rows
At the Théâtre des Variétés.

MADemoiselle de la Sauce Mayonnaise
Didn't yield to a gnawing despair
But married a soldier, and plays
As a pretty and pert Vivandière.





BABETTE'S LOVE

BABETTE she was a fisher gal,
 With jupon striped and cap in crimps,
 She passed her days inside the Halle,
 Or catching little nimble shrimps.
 Yet she was sweet as flowers in May,
 With no professional bouquet.

JACOT was, of the Customs bold,
 An officer, at gay Boulogne,
 He loved BABETTE—his love he told,
 And sighed, "Oh, soyez vous my own!"
 But "Non!" said she, "JACOT, my pet,
 Vous êtes trop scraggy pour BABETTE.

"Of one alone I nightly dream,
 An able mariner is he,
 And gaily serves the Gen'ral Steam-
 Boat Navigation Companee.
 I'll marry him, if he but will—
 His name, I rather think, is BILL.

"I see him when he's not aware,
 Upon our hospitable coast,

W. S. GILBERT

Reclining with an easy air
Upon the *Port* against a post,
A-thinking of, I'll dare to say,
His native Chelsea far away!"

"Oh, mon!" exclaimed the Customs bold,
"Mes yeux!" he said (which means "my eye")
"Oh, chère!" he also cried, I'm told,
"Par Jove," he added, with a sigh.
"Oh, mon! oh, chère! mes yeux! par Jove!
Je n'aime pas cet enticing cove!"



The *Panther's* captain stood hard by,
He was a man of morals strict
If e'er a sailor winked his eye,
Straightway he had that sailor licked,
Mast-headed all (such was his code)
Who dashed or jiggered, blessed or blowed.

He wept to think a tar of his
Should lean so gracefully on posts,
He sighed and sobbed to think of this,
On foreign, French, and friendly coasts.
"It's human natur', p'raps—if so,
Oh, isn't human natur' low!"

He called his BILL, who pulled his curl,
He said, "My BILL, I understand

BABETTE'S LOVE

You've captivated some young gurl
On this here French and foreign land.
Her tender heart your beauties jog—
They do, you know they do, you dog.

"You have a graceful way, I learn,
Of leaning airily on posts,
By which you've been and caused to burn
A tender flame on these here coasts.
A fisher gurl, I much regret—
Her age, sixteen—her name, BABETTE.

"You'll marry her, you gentle tar—
Your union I myself will bless,
And when you matrimonied are,
I will appoint her stewardess."
But WILLIAM hitched himself and sighed,
And cleared his throat, and thus replied:



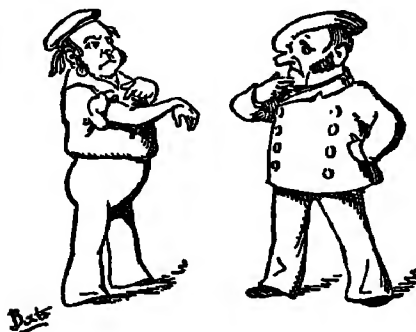
"Not so: unless you're fond of strife,
You'd better mind your own affairs,
I have an able-bodied wife
Awaiting me at Wapping Stairs;
If all this here to her I tell,
She'll larrup you and me as well.

W. S. GILBERT

"Skin-deep, and valued at a pin,
Is beauty such as Venus owns—
Her beauty is beneath her skin,
And lies in layers on her bones.
The other sailors of the crew
They always calls her 'Whopping Sue'!"

"Oho!" the Captain said, "I see!
And is she then so very strong?"
"She'd take your honour's scruff," said he,
"And pitch you over to Boulong!"
"I pardon you," the Captain said,
"The fair *BABETTE* you needn't wed."

Perhaps the Customs had his will,
And coaxed the scornful girl to wed,
Perhaps the Captain and his *BILL*,
And *WILLIAM*'s little wife are dead;
Or p'raps they're all alive and well:
I cannot, cannot, cannot tell.





TO MY BRIDE

(WHOEVER SHE MAY BE)

Oh! little maid!—(I do not know your name,
Or who you are, so, as a safe precaution
I'll add)—Oh, buxom widow! married dame!
(As one of these must be your present portion)
Listen, while I unveil prophetic lore for you,
And sing the fate that Fortune has in store for you.

You'll marry soon—within a year or twain—
A bachelor of *circa* two-and-thirty,
Tall, gentlemanly, but extremely plain,
And, when you're intimate, you call him "BERTIE."
Neat—dresses well; his temper has been classified
As hasty; but he's very quickly pacified.

You'll find him working mildly at the Bar,
After a touch at two or three professions,
From easy affluence extremely far,
A brief or two on Circuit—"soup" at Sessions;
A pound or two from whist and backing horses,
And, say three hundred from his own resources.

W. S. GILBERT

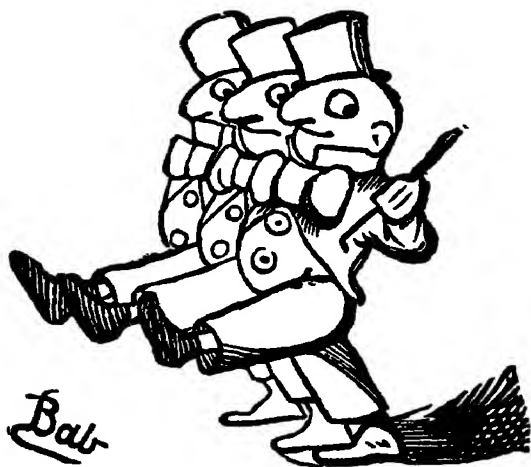
Quiet in harness; free from serious vice,
His faults are not particularly shady,
You'll never find him "*shy*"—for, once or twice
Already, he's been driven by a lady,
Who parts with him—perhaps a poor excuse for him—
Because she hasn't any further use for him.

Oh! bride of mine—tall, dumpy, dark, or fair!
Oh! widow—wife, maybe, or blushing maiden,
I've told *your* fortune; solved the gravest care
With which your mind has hitherto been laden.
I've prophesied correctly, never doubt it;
Now tell me mine—and please be quick about it!

You—only you—can tell me, an' you will,
To whom I'm destined shortly to be mated,
Will she run up a heavy *modiste's* bill?
If so, I want to hear her income stated
(This is a point which interests me greatly).
To quote the bard, "Oh! have I seen her lately?"

Say, must I wait till husband number one
Is comfortably stowed away at Woking?
How is her hair most usually done?
And tell me, please, will she object to smoking?
The colour of her eyes, too, you may mention:
Come, Sibyl, prophesy—I'm all attention.





SIR MACKLIN

Of all the youths I ever saw
None were so wicked, vain, or silly,
So lost to shame and Sabbath law
As worldly TOM, and BOB, and BILLY.

For every Sabbath day they walked
(Such was their gay and thoughtless natur')
In parks or gardens, where they talked
From three to six, or even later.

SIR MACKLIN was a priest severe
In conduct and in conversation,
It did a sinner good to hear
Him deal in ratiocination.

He could in every action show
Some sin, and nobody could doubt him.
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.

W. S. GILBERT

He wept to think each thoughtless youth
Contained of wickedness a skinful,
And burnt to teach the awful truth,
That walking out on Sunday's sinful.

"Oh, youths," said he, "I grieve to find
The course of life you've been and hit on—
Sit down," said he, "and never mind
The pennies for the chairs you sit on.



"My opening head is 'Kensington,'
How walking there the sinner hardens,
Which when I have enlarged upon,
I go to 'Secondly'—its 'Gardens.'

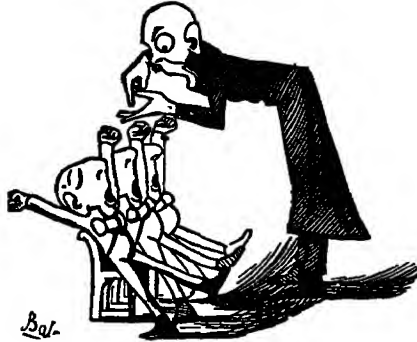
"My 'Thirdly' comprehendeth 'Hyde,'
Of Secresy the guilts and shameses;
My 'Fourthly'—'Park'—its verdure wide—
My 'Fifthly' comprehends 'St. James's.'

"That matter settled I shall reach
The 'Sixthly' in my solemn tether,
And show that what is true of each,
Is also true of all, together.

"Then I shall demonstrate to you,
According to the rules of Whately,
That what is true of all, is true
Of each, considered separately."

SIR MACKLIN

In lavish stream his accents flow,
TOM, BOB, and BILLY dare not flout him;
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.



"Ha, ha!" he said, "you loathe your ways,
Repentance on your souls is dawning,
In agony your hands you raise."
(And so they did, for they were yawning.)

To "Twenty-firstly" on they go,
The lads do not attempt to scout him;
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.



"Ho, ho!" he cries, "you bow your crests—
My eloquence has set you weeping;

W. S. GILBERT

In shame you bend upon your breasts!"
(And so they did, for they were sleeping.)

He proved them this—he proved them that—
This good but wearisome ascetic;
He jumped and thumped upon his hat,
He was so very energetic.

His Bishop at this moment chanced
To pass, and found the road encumbered;
He noticed how the Churchman danced,
And how his congregation slumbered.

The hundred and eleventh head
The priest completed of his stricture;
"Oh, bosh!" the worthy bishop said,
And walked him off, as in the picture.





THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
However you can be

W. S. GILBERT

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drewed a lot, and, accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
And then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,'—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear JAMES, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you*!'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see!

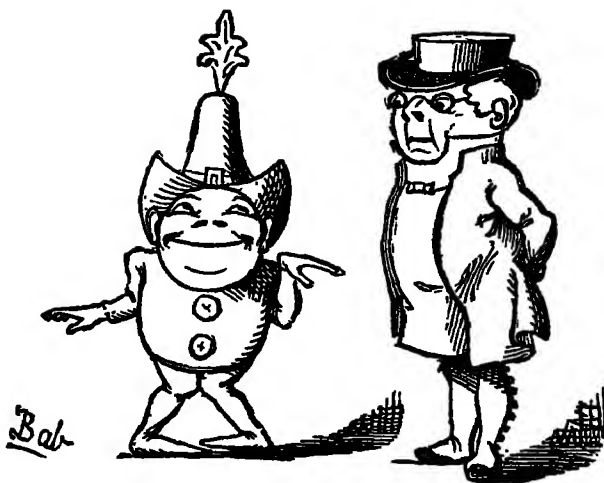
* * * * *

W. S. GILBERT

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"'Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!'"





THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO

FROM east and south the holy clan
Of Bishops gathered, to a man;
To Synod, called Pan-Anglican,
In flocking crowds they came.
Among them was a Bishop, who
Had lately been appointed to
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,
And PETER was his name.

His people—twenty-three in sum—
They played the eloquent tum-tum,
And lived on scalps served up in rum—
The only sauce they knew.
When first good Bishop PETER came
(For PETER was that Bishop's name),
To humour them, he did the same
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.

His flock, I've often heard him tell,
(His name was PETER) loved him well,
And summoned by the sound of bell,
In crowds together came.

W. S. GILBERT

"Oh, massa, why you go away?
Oh, Massa PETER, please to stay."
(They called him PETER, people say,
Because it was his name.)

He told them all good boys to be,
And sailed away across the sea,
At London Bridge that Bishop he
Arrived one Tuesday night—
And as forthwith he homeward strode
To his Pan-Anglican abode,
He passed along the Borough Road
And saw a gruesome sight.

He saw a crowd assembled round
A person dancing on the ground,
Who straight began to leap and bound
With all his might and main.



To see that dancing man he stopped,
Who twirled and wriggled, skipped and hopped,
Then down incontinently dropped,
And then sprang up again.

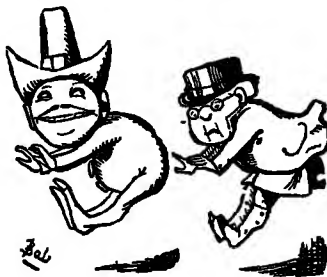
The Bishop chuckled at the sight,
"This style of dancing would delight
A simple Rum-ti-Foozleite,
I'll learn it if I can,
To please the tribe when I get back."
He begged the man to teach his knack.

THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO

"Right Reverend Sir, in half a crack,"
Replied that dancing man.

The dancing man he worked away,
And taught the Bishop every day—
The dancer skipped like any fay—
Good PETER did the same.
The Bishop buckled to his task,
With *battements*, and *pas de basque*.
(I'll tell you, if you care to ask,
That PETER was his name.)

"Come, walk like this," the dancer said,
"Stick out your toes—stick in your head,
Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread—
Your fingers thus extend;



The attitude's considered quaint."
The weary Bishop, feeling faint,
Replied, "I do not say it ain't,
But 'Time!' my Christian friend!"

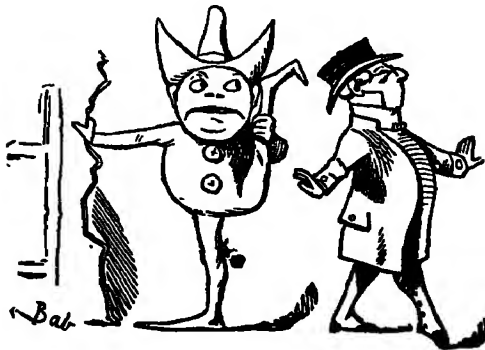
"We now proceed to something new—
Dance as the PAYNES and LAURIS do,
Like this—one, two—one, two—one, two."
The Bishop, never proud,
But in an overwhelming heat
(His name was PETER, I repeat)
Performed the PAYNE and LAURI feat,
And puffed his thanks aloud.

W. S. GILBERT

Another game the dancer planned—
"Just take your ankle in your hand,
And try, my lord, if you can stand—
Your body stiff and stark.
If, when revisiting your see,
You learnt to hop on shore—like me—
The novelty would striking be,
And must attract remark."

"No," said the worthy Bishop, "No;
That is a length to which, I trow,
Colonial Bishops cannot go.
You may express surprise
At finding Bishops deal in pride—
But, if that trick I ever tried,
I should appear undignified
In Rum-ti-Foozle's eyes.

"The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo
Are well-conducted persons, who
Approve a joke as much as you,
And laugh at it as such;
But if they saw their Bishop land,
His leg supported in his hand,
The joke they wouldn't understand—
"Twould pain them very much!"





THE PRECOCIOUS BABY

A VERY TRUE TALE.

(To be sung to the air of the "Whistling Oyster.")

AN elderly person—a prophet by trade—
With his quips and tips
On withered old lips,
He married a young and a beautiful maid;
The cunning old blade!
Though rather decayed,
He married a beautiful, beautiful maid.

She was only eighteen, and as fair as could be,
With her tempting smiles
And maidenly wiles,
And he was a trifle past seventy-three:
Now what she could see
Is a puzzle to me,
In a prophet of seventy—seventy-three!

Of all their acquaintances bidden (or bad)
With their loud high jinks
And underbred winks,

W. S. GILBERT

None thought they'd a family have—but they had;
A dear little lad
Who drove 'em half mad,
For he turned out a horribly fast little cad.

For when he was born he astonished all by,
With their "Law, dear me!"
"Did ever you see."
He'd a weed in his mouth and a glass in his eye,
A hat all awry—
An octagon tie,
And a miniature—miniature glass in his eye.



He grumbled at wearing a frock and a cap,
With his "Oh dear, no!"
And his "Hang it! 'oo know!"
And he turned up his nose at his excellent pap—
"My friends, it's a tap
Dat is not worf a rap."
(Now this was remarkably excellent pap.)

THE PRECOCIOUS BABY

He'd chuck his nurse under the chin, and he'd say,
 With his "Fal, lal, lal"—
 "'Oo doosed fine gal!"
This shocking precocity drove 'em away:
 "A month from to-day
 Is as long as I'll stay—
Then I'd wish, if you please, for to go, if I may."

His father, a simple old gentleman, he
 With nursery rhyme
 And "Once on a time,"
Would tell him the story of "Little Bo-P,"
 "So pretty was she,
 So pretty and wee,
As pretty, as pretty, as pretty could be."

But the babe, with a dig that would startle an ox,
 With his "C'ck! Oh, my!—
 Go along wiz 'oo, fie!"
Would exclaim, "I'm affaid 'oo a socking ole fox."
 Now a father it shocks,
 And it whitens his locks,
When his little babe calls him a shocking old fox.

The name of his father he'd couple and pair
 (With his ill-bred laugh,
 And insolent chaff)
With those of the nursery heroines rare—
 Virginia the Fair,
 Or Good Goldenhair,
Till the nuisance was more than a prophet could bear.

"There's Jill and White Cat" (said the bold little brat,
 With his loud "Ha, ha!")
 "'Oo sly ickle pa!
Wiz 'oo Beauty, Bo-Peep, and 'oo Mrs. Jack Sprat!
 I've noticed 'oo pat
 My pretty White Cat—
I sink dear mamma ought to know about dat!"

W. S. GILBERT

He early determined to marry and wive,
For better or worse
With his elderly nurse—
Which the poor little boy didn't live to contrive:
His health didn't thrive—
No longer alive,
He died an enfeebled old dotard at five!

MORAL

Now, elderly men of the bachelor crew,
With wrinkled nose
And spectacled nose,
Don't marry at all—you may take it as true
If ever you do
The step you will rue,
For your babes will be elderly—elderly too.





TO PHŒBE

"GENTLE, modest, little flower,
Sweet epitome of May,
Love me but for half-an-hour,
Love me, love me, little fay."
Sentences so fiercely flaming
In your tiny shell-like ear,
I should always be exclaiming
If I loved you, PHŒBE, dear.

"Smiles that thrill from any distance
Shed upon me while I sing!
Please ecstaticise existence,
Love me, oh thou fairy thing!"
Words like these, outpouring sadly,
You'd perpetually hear,
If I loved you, fondly, madly;—
But I do not, PHŒBE, dear.



THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE

IN all the towns and cities fair
On Merry England's broad expanse,
No swordsman ever could compare
With THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE.

The dauntless lad could fairly hew
A silken handkerchief in twain,
Divide a leg of mutton too—
And this without unwholesome strain.

On whole half-sheep, with cunning trick,
His sabre sometimes he'd employ—
No bar of lead, however thick,
Had terrors for the stalwart boy.

At Dover daily he'd prepare
To hew and slash, behind, before—
Which aggravated MONSIEUR PIERRE,
Who watched him from the Calais shore.

It caused good PIERRE to swear and dance,
The sight annoyed and vexed him so;

THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE

He was the bravest man in France—
He said so, and he ought to know.

“Regardez donc, ce cochon gros—
Ce polisson! Oh, sacré bleu!
Son sabre, son plomb, et ses gigots!
Comme cela m’ennuye, enfin, mon Dieu!



“Il sait que les foulards de soie
Give no retaliating whack—
Les gigots morts n’ont pas de quoi—
Le plomb don’t ever hit you back.”

But every day the zealous lad
Cut lead and mutton more and more;
And every day, poor PIERRE, half mad,
Shrieked loud defiance from his shore.

HANCE had a mother, poor and old,
A simple, harmless village dame,
Who crowed and clapped as people told
Of WINTERBOTTOM’S rising fame.

She said, “I’ll be upon the spot
To see my TOMMY’S sabre-play”;
And so she left her leafy cot,
And walked to Dover in a day.

W. S. GILBERT

PIERRE had a doting mother, who
Had heard of his defiant rage:
His ma was nearly eighty-two,
And rather dressy for her age.

At HANCE's doings every morn,
With sheer delight *his* mother cried;
And MONSIEUR PIERRE's contemptuous scorn
Filled *his* mamma with proper pride.

But HANCE's powers began to fail—
His constitution was not strong—
And PIERRE, who once was stout and hale,
Grew thin from shouting all day long.



Their mothers saw them pale and wan,
Maternal anguish tore each breast,
And so they met to find a plan
To set their offsprings' minds at rest.

Said MRS. HANCE, "Of course I shrinks
From bloodshed, ma'am, as you're aware,
But still they'd better meet, I thinks."
"Assurément!" said MADAME PIERRE.

A sunny spot in sunny France
Was hit upon for this affair;
The ground was picked by MRS. HANCE,
The stakes were pitched by MADAME PIERRE.

THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE

Said Mrs. H., "Your work you see—
Go in, my noble boy, and win."
"En garde, mon fils!" said MADAME P.
"Allons!" "Go on!" "En garde!" "Begin!"



(The mothers were of decent size,
Though not particularly tall;
But in the sketch that meets your eyes
I've been obliged to draw them small.)

Loud sneered the doughty man of France,
"Ho! ho! Ho! ho! Ha! ha! Ha! ha!"
"The French for 'Pish!'" said THOMAS HANCE.
Said PIERRE, "L'Anglais, Monsieur, pour 'Bah.'"

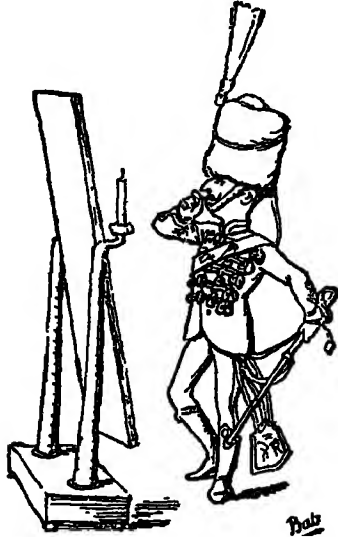
Said Mrs. H., "Come, one! two! three!—
We're sittin' here to see all fair."
"C'est magnifique!" said MADAME P.,
"Mais, parbleu! ce n'est pas la guerre!"

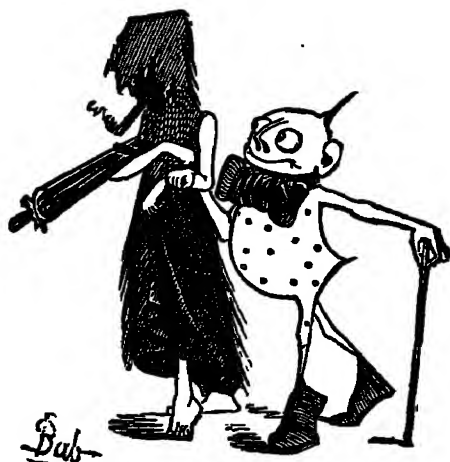
"Je scorn un foe si lâche que vous,"
Said PIERRE, the doughty son of France.
"I fight not coward foe like you!"
Said our undaunted TOMMY HANCE.

W. S. GILBERT

"The French for 'Pooh!' " our TOMMY cried.

"L'Anglais pour 'Va!' " the Frenchman crowed.
And so, with undiminished pride,
Each went on his respective road.





THE GHOST, THE GALLANT, THE GAEL, AND THE GOBLIN

O'ER unreclaimed suburban clays
Some years ago were hobblin'
An elderly ghost of easy ways,
And an influential goblin.
The ghost was a sombre spectral shape,
A fine old five-act foggy,
The goblin imp, a lithe young ape,
A fine low-comedy boggy.

And as they exercised their joints,
Promoting quick digestion,
They talked on several curious points,
And raised this pregnant question:
"Which of us two is Number One—
The ghostie, or the goblin?"
And o'er the point they raised in fun
They fairly fell a-squabblin'.

They'd barely speak, and each, in fine,
Grew more and more reflective,
Each thought his own particular line
By far the more effective.

W. S. GILBERT

At length they settled some one should
By each of them be haunted,
And so arranged that either could
Exert his prowess vaunted.

"The Quaint against the Statuesque"—
By competition lawful—
The goblin backed the Quaint Grotesque,
The ghost the Grandly Awful.
"Now," said the goblin, "here's my plan—
In attitude commanding,
I see a stalwart Englishman
By yonder tailor's standing.

"The very fittest man on earth
My influence to try on—
Of gentle, p'raps of noble birth,
And dauntless as a lion!
Now wrap yourself within your shroud—
Remain in easy hearing—
Observe—you'll hear him scream aloud
When I begin appearing!"

The imp with yell unearthly—wild—
Threw off his dark enclosure:
His dauntless victim looked and smiled
With singular composure.
For hours he tried to daunt the youth,
For days, indeed, but vainly—
The stripling smiled!—to tell the truth,
The stripling smiled inanely.

For weeks the goblin weird and wild,
That noble stripling haunted;
For weeks the stripling stood and smiled,
Unmoved and all undaunted.
The sombre ghost exclaimed, "Your plan
Has failed you, goblin, plainly:
Now watch yon hardy Hieland man,
So stalwart and ungainly.

GHOST, GALLANT, GAEL, AND GOBLIN

"These are the men who chase the roe,
Whose footsteps never falter,
Who bring with them where'er they go,
A smack of old SIR WALTER.
Of such as he, the men sublime
Who lead their troops victorious,
Whose deeds go down to after-time,
Enshrined in annals glorious!



"Of such as he the bard has said
'Hech thrawfu' raltie rawkie!
Wi' thecht ta' croonie clapperhead
And fash' wi' unco pawkie!
He'll faint away when I appear
Upon his native heather;
Or p'raps he'll only scream with fear,
Or p'raps the two together."

The spectre showed himself, alone,
To do his ghostly battling,
With curdling groan and dismal moan
And lots of chains a-rattling!

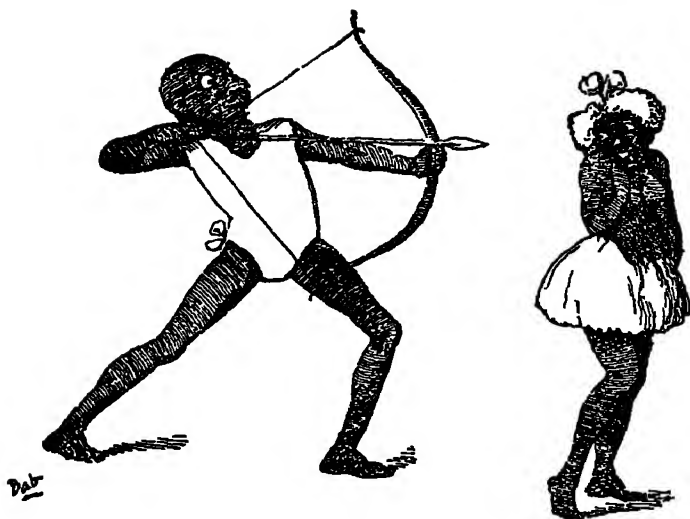
W. S. GILBERT

But no—the chiel's stout Gaelic stuff
Withstood all ghostly harrying,
His fingers closed upon the snuff
Which upwards he was carrying.

For days that ghost declined to stir,
A foggy shapeless giant—
For weeks that splendid officer
Stared back again defiant.
Just as the Englishman returned
The goblin's vulgar staring,
Just so the Scotchman boldly spurned
The ghost's unmannered scaring.

For several years the ghostly twain
These Britons bold have haunted,
But all their efforts are in vain—
Their victims stand undaunted.
Unto this day the imp and ghost
(Whose powers the imp derided)
Stand each at his allotted post—
The bet is undecided.





KING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO

KING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO

Was a man-eating African swell;
His sigh was a hullabaloo,
His whisper a horrible yell—
A horrible, horrible yell!

Four subjects, and all of them male,
To BORRIA doubled the knee,
They were once on a far larger scale,
But he'd eaten the balance, you see
("Scale" and "balance" is punning, you see).

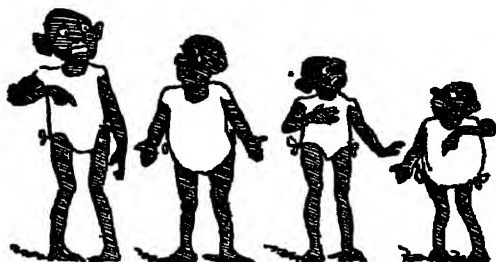
There was haughty PISH-TUSH-POOH-BAH,
There was lumbering DOODLE-DUM-DEY,
Despairing ALACK-A-DEY-AH,
And good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH—
Exemplary TOOTLE-TUM-TEH.

One day there was grief in the crew,
For they hadn't a morsel of meat,
And BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO
Was dying for something to eat—
"Come, provide me with something to eat!

W. S. GILBERT

"ALACK-A-DEY, famished I feel;
Oh, good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH,
Where on earth shall I look for a meal?
For I haven't no dinner to-day!—
Not a morsel of dinner to-day!

"Dear TOOTLE-TUM, what shall we do?
Come, get us a meal, or in truth,
If you don't we shall have to eat you,
Oh, adorable friend of our youth!
Thou beloved little friend of our youth!"



del

And he answered, "Oh, BUNGALÉE BOO,
For a moment I hope you will wait,—
TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO
Is the Queen of a neighbouring state—
A remarkably neighbouring state.

"TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO,
She would pickle deliciously cold—
And her four pretty Amazons, too,
Are enticing, and not very old—
Twenty-seven is not very old.

"There is neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH,
There is rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH,

KING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO

There is jocular WAGGETY-WEH,
There is musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH—
There's the nightingale DOH-REH-MI-FAH!"

So the forces of BUNGALEE BOO
Marched forth in a terrible row,
And the ladies who fought for QUEEN LOO
Prepared to encounter the foe—
This dreadful insatiate foe!

But they sharpened no weapons at all,
And they poisoned no arrows—not they!
They made ready to conquer or fall



Boo

In a totally different way—
An entirely different way.

With a crimson and pearly-white dye
They endeavoured to make themselves fair,
With black they encircled each eye,
And with yellow they painted their hair
(It was wool, but they thought it was hair).

And the forces they met in the field:—
And the men of KING BORRIA said,
"Amazonians, immediately yield!"
And their arrows they drew to the head—
Yes, drew them right up to the head.

W. S. GILBERT

But jocular WAGGETY-WEH
Ogled DOODLE-DUM-DEY (which was wrong),
And neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH
Said, "TOOTLE-TUM, you go along!
You naughty old dear, go along!"

And rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH
Tapped ALACK-A-DEY-AH with her fan;
And musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH
Said, "PISH, go away, you bad man!
Go away, you delightful young man!"

And the Amazons simpered and sighed,
And they ogled, and giggled, and flushed,
And they opened their pretty eyes wide,
And they chuckled, and flirted, and blushed
(At least, if they could, they'd have blushed).

But haughty PISH-TUSH-POOH-BAH
Said, "ALACK-A-DEY, what does this mean?"
And despairing ALACK-A-DEY-AH
Said, "They think us uncommonly green—
Ha! ha! most uncommonly green!"

Even blundering DOODLE-DUM-DEH
Was insensible quite to their leers,
And said good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH,
"It's your blood that we're wanting, my dears—
We have come for our dinners, my dears!"

And the Queen of the Amazons fell
To BORRIA BUNGALÉE BOO,—
In a mouthful he gulped, with a yell,
TIPPY-WIPPY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO—
The pretty QUEEN TOL-THE-ROL-LOO.

And neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH
Was eaten by PISH-POOH-BAH,
And light-hearted WAGGETY-WEH
By dismal ALACK-A-DEY-AH—
Despairing ALACK-A-DEY-AH.

KING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO

And rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH
Was eaten by DOODLE-DUM-DEY,
And musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH
By good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH—
Exemplary TOOTLE-TUM-TEH!





TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I have no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

[*It rolls on.*]



GENTLE ALICE BROWN

It was a robber's daughter, and her name was ALICE BROWN,
 Her father was the terror of a small Italian town;
 Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing;
 But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As ALICE was a-sitting at her window-sill one day,
 A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way;
 She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,
 That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen,
 She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten,
 A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily road
 (The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But ALICE was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise
 To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes;
 So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed—
 The priest by whom their little sins were carefully assessed.

"Oh, holy father," ALICE said, "'twould grieve you, would it not?
 To discover that I was a most disreputable lot!
 Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
 The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"

W. S. GILBERT

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad.
I've planned a little burglary and forged a little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"



The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear—
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear—
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind;
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find:
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks—
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and-six."

"Oh, father," little ALICE cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget;
But oh, there is another crime I haven't mentioned yet!

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can be—
I blush to say I've winked at him, and he has winked at me!"

"For shame!" said FATHER PAUL, "my erring daughter! On my word
This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band!

GENTLE ALICE BROWN

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers I know;
For many many years they've kept starvation from my doors:
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

"The common country folk in this insipid neighbourhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously good;
And if you marry any one respectable at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of FATHER PAUL?"

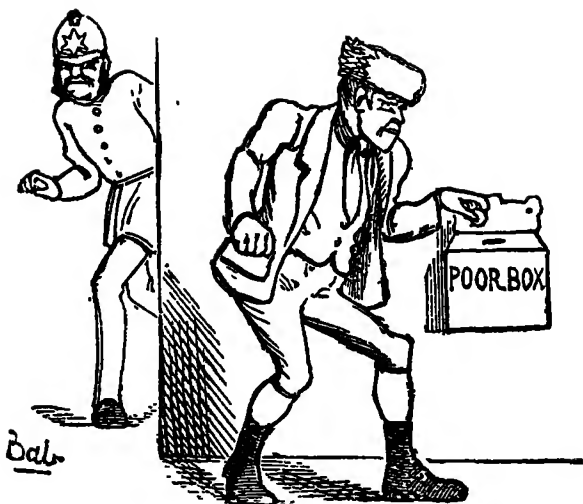
The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to ROBBER BROWN;
To tell him how his daughter, who was now for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good ROBBER BROWN he muffled up his anger pretty well,
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I will tell;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two;
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do,
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square;
He watched his opportunity and seized him unaware;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the head,
And MRS. BROWN dissected him before she went to bed.

And pretty little ALICE grew more settled in her mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,
Until at length good ROBBER BROWN bestowed her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band.



MY DREAM

THE other night, from cares exempt,
 I slept—and what d’you think I dreamt?
 I dreamt that somehow I had come
 To dwell in Topsy-Turveydom!—

Where vice is virtue—virtue, vice:
 Where nice is nasty—nasty, nice:
 Where right is wrong and wrong is right—
 Where white is black and black is white.

Where babies, much to their surprise,
 Are born astonishingly wise;
 With every Science on their lips,
 And Art at all their finger-tips.

For, as their nurses dandle them,
 They crow binomial theorem,
 With views (it seems absurd to us)
 On differential calculus.

But though a babe, as I have said,
 Is born with learning in his head,
 He must forget it, if he can,
 Before he calls himself a man.

MY DREAM

For that which we call folly here,
Is wisdom in that favoured sphere;
The wisdom we so highly prize
Is blatant folly in their eyes.

A boy, if he would push his way,
Must learn some nonsense every day;
And cut, to carry out this view,
His wisdom teeth and wisdom too.

Historians burn their midnight oils,
Intent on giant-killers' toils;
And sages close their aged eyes
To other sages' lullabies.



Our magistrates, in duty bound,
Commit all robbers who are found;
But there the beaks (so people said)
Commit all robberies instead.

Our judges, pure and wise in tone,
Know crime from theory alone,
And glean the motives of a thief
From books and popular belief.

But there, a Judge who wants to prime
His mind with true ideas of crime,
Derives them from the common sense
Of practical experience.

W. S. GILBERT

Policemen march all folks away
Who practise virtue every day—
Of course, I mean to say, you know,
What we call virtue here below.

For only scoundrels dare to do
What we consider just and true,
And only good men do, in fact,
What we should think a dirty act.

But strangest of these social twirls,
The girls are boys—the boys are girls!
The men are women, too—but then,
Per contra, women all are men.

To one who to tradition clings
This seems an awkward state of things,
But if to think it out you try,
It doesn't really signify.

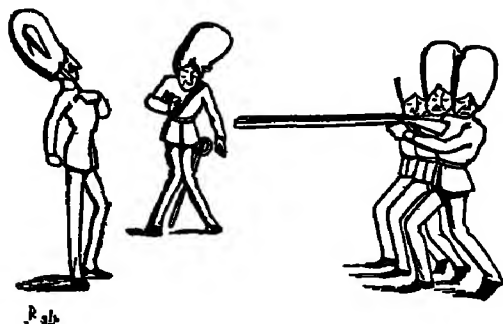


With them, as surely as can be,
A sailor should be sick at sea,
And not a passenger may sail
Who cannot smoke right through a gale.

A soldier (save by rarest luck)
Is always shot for showing pluck

MY DREAM

(That is, if others can be found
With pluck enough to fire a round).



"How strange!" I said to one I saw;
"You quite upset our every law.
However can you get along
So systematically wrong?"

"Dear me," my mad informant said,
"Have you no eyes within your head?
You sneer when you your hat should doff:
Why, we begin where you leave off!

"Your wisest men are very far
Less learned than our babies are!"
I mused awhile—and then, oh me!
I framed this brilliant repartee:

"Although your babes are wiser far
Than our most valued sages are,
Your sages, with their toys and cots,
Are duller than our idiots!"

But this remark, I grieve to state,
Came just a little bit too late;
For as I framed it in my head,
I woke and found myself in bed.

W. S. GILBERT

Still I could wish that, 'stead of here,
My lot were in that favoured sphere!-
Where greatest fools bear off the bell
I ought to do extremely well.





THE FAIRY CURATE

ONCE a fairy
Light and airy
Married with a mortal;
Men, however,
Never, never
Pass the fairy portal.
Slyly stealing,
She to Ealing
Made a daily journey;
There she found him,
Clients round him
(He was an attorney).

Long they tarried,
Then they married.
When the ceremony
Once was ended,
Off they wended
On their moon of honey.
Twelvemonth, maybe,
Saw a baby

W. S. GILBERT

(Friends performed an orgie).
Much they prized him,
And baptized him
By the name of GEORGIE.

GEORGIE grew up;
Then he flew up
To his fairy mother.
Happy meeting
Pleasant greeting—
Kissing one another.
“Choose a calling
Most enthralling,
I sincerely urge ye.”
“Mother,” said he
(Rev'rence made he),
“I would join the clergy.

“Give permission
In addition—
Pa will let me do it:
There's a living
In his giving,
He'll appoint me to it.
Dreams of coff'ring
Easter off'ring,
Tithe and rent and pew-rate,
So inflame me
(Do not blame me),
That I'll be a curate.”

She, with pleasure,
Said, “My treasure,
’Tis my wish precisely.
Do your duty,
There's a beauty;
You have chosen wisely.
Tell your father
I would rather

THE FAIRY CURATE

As a churchman rank you.
You, in clover,
I'll watch over."
GEORGIE said, "Oh, thank you!"

GEORGIE scudded,
Went and studied,
Made all preparations,
And with credit
(Though he said it)
Passed examinations.
(Do not quarrel
With him, moral,
Scrupulous digestions—
"Twas his mother,
And no other,
Answered all the questions.)

Time proceeded;
Little needed
GEORGIE admonition:
He, elated,
Vindicated
Clergyman's position.
People round him
Always found him
Plain and unpretending;
Kindly teaching,
Plainly preaching—
All his money lending.

So the fairy,
Wise and wary,
Felt no sorrow rising—
No occasion
For persuasion,
Warning, or advising.
He, resuming
Fairy pluming
(That's not English, is it?)

W. S. GILBERT

Oft would fly up,
To the sky up,
Pay mamma a visit.

* * * *



Time progressing,
GEORGIE'S blessing
Grew more Ritualistic—
Popish scandals,
Tonsures—sandals—
Genuflections mystic;
Gushing meetings—
Bosom-beatings—
Heavenly ecstasies—
Broidered spencers—
Copes and censers—
Rochets and dalmatics.

THE FAIRY CURATE

This quandary
Vexed the fairy—
Flew she down to Ealing.
"GEORGIE, stop it!
Pray you, drop it;
Hark to my appealing:
To this foolish
Papal rule-ish
Twaddle put an ending;
This a swerve is
From our Service
Plain and unpretending."

He, replying,
Answered, sighing,
Hawing, hemming, humming,
"It's a pity—
They're so pritty;
Yet in mode becoming,
Mother tender,
I'll surrender—
I'll be unaffected——"
But his Bishop
Into *his* shop
Entered unexpected!

"Who is this, sir,—
Ballet miss, sir?"
Said the Bishop coldly.
"'Tis my mother,
And no other,"
GEORGIE answered boldly.
"Go along, sir!
You are wrong, sir,
You have years in plenty;
While this hussy
(Gracious mussy!)
Isn't two-and-twenty!"

W. S. GILBERT

(Fairies clever
Never, never
Grow in visage older;
And the fairy,
All unwary,
Leant upon his shoulder!)
Bishop grieved him,
Disbelieved him,
GEORGE the point grew warm on;
Changed religion,
Like a pigeon,¹
And became a Mormon.

¹ "Like a bird."



